Trinity Sketches

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Trinity Sketches

Selections from
"The Trinity Tablet"
1887-1894

"Ne forte credas interitura"

Edited by
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"Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling"
—Browning

To the

Founders of "The Tablet"

this collection of Sketches

is inscribed

by their successors of 1894

Contents.

Swiss Idyls. *W. D. McCrackan, '85*, ... 9
The Story of an Artist's Model. *R. C. Tuttle, '89*, . 21
With Poet's Eyes. *D. Willard, '95*, ... 34
Over the Coffee Cups. *L. W. Rogers, '91*, . . . 39
Amiee. *G. W. Ellis, '94*, ... 44
"Pity the Blind." *A. L. Green, '91*, ... 55
A Marsh Flower. *C. A. Horne, '93*, ... 59
The Sea Spiders. *A. L. Green, '91*, ... 66
Pierre's Return. *A. L. Green, '91*, ... 67
A Deceptive Dinner. *R. C. Tongue, '95*, ... 69
The Philosophy of an Old Pipe. *J. B. Birckhead, '94*. 73
An Apologue of Pessimism, ... 77
At a Bud German. *G. W. Ellis, '94*, ... 82
Through the Drop Curtain. *H. S. Candee, '93*, . . 90
An Afternoon Tea. *R. C. Tuttle, '89*, ... 99
The Man who got Converted. *L. W. Rogers, '91*, . 108
Football as it is Played. *L. W. Rogers, '91*, . . . 113
The Fore-Wheel of Time. *C. F. Johnson*, . . . 115
This Thankless World. *L. W. Rogers, '91*, . . . 122
A Stroll about the College. *R. P. Bates, '93*, . . 126

SING, sing, loud let us sing.
Our cares away we fling.
For friends are dear and hearts are free.
Come, share our joy with song and glee.
Oh! let the echoes ring
At Trinity!

Sing, sing, sadly sing.
Some songs regret will bring.
Our hearts it rends to part from friends,
And time will never make amends.
Some songs regret will bring
At Trinity!

Sing, sing, gladly sing.
Still let the echoes ring.
We'll fear no storm while hearts are warm,
No shock can love or friendship harm.
Still let the echoes ring
At Trinity!

Melville Knox Bailey

Trinity Sketches

Swiss Idyls.

HOEING POTATOES.

ALL the valleys hushed. The lakes black. A mist in the hollows, smelling moist and tasting smoky.

Then, on the top of the Jungfrau, a sudden gleam alighted. The sun crept down the great arêtes, — those arms of the goddess draped in muslin. It burnished the rounded snow slopes into rich saffron, and cast mauve shadows into the seracs and crevasses. The light chased the gloom from the abyss where the avalanches fall, — that lap of the goddess. It stripped the darkness from her sheer sides.

With this, the virgin seemed to wake and stretch and smile.

She saw two women and a child hoeing potatoes on the Almend of Unterseen. They were dressed partly in brown homespun, partly in nondescript calicoes. Their feet stood in great ungainly shoes with wooden soles. The grandmother still wore her hair twined with white braid, Oberland-fashion, but the young woman tried to be modern. As for the child, it played in the dirt.

And so the women toiled unmindful of the surpassing magnificence of their surroundings.

The Jungfrau saw the turquoise of the lake of Thun, the glowing slopes of St. Beatenberg, the green-black firs on the Harder. She heard a man sharpening his scythe among the field flowers, a boy yodeling to his goats in the shrubs, a herd of cows jingling their bells on the summer pasture. She smelt the mown grass, the briar hedges nipped by the goats, the flowers trodden by the cattle.

But the women neither saw, nor heard, nor smelt.

At noon the Jungfrau looked again. The grandmother was leaning for a moment on her hoe, the young woman worked in a crude red petticoat blown by the wind, the child still played in the dirt. They all looked sordid, sullen, stupid.

Then the pitying Virgin turned to Mont Blanc, full eighty miles away. How long must these wrongs be? But, before the answer came, the day was over, and the women shuffled sadly homeward, drawing their cart after them, wherein the little girl sat holding tight to the sides.

And for the millionth time the Jungfrau blushed, and then turned gray and slept.

DRESS REFORM IN THE ALPS.

The usual way to Champéry leads from the Rhone valley through vineyards, chestnut and walnut groves, into the region of cherry trees and grazing lands. But my first visit to this Val d'Illiez was made from across the mountains in Savoy.

I had started early in the morning at Samoëns, with a knapsack on my back. The day was hot,

even on the top of the *Col de la Golèse* and the *Col de Coux*. As the afternoon waned, and the Champéry was not yet in sight, I began asking my way of the peasants. A young man stood by the roadside with his back towards me, and so I called: "*Monsieur*, will you please tell me how much further it is to Champéry?" At that the young man turned with a charming smile on his face, *for he was a young woman.*

The trouble is, you cannot always tell the sexes apart in the Val d'Illiez, since the women have the common sense and courage to wear men's clothes, while at work tending cows. It is perhaps this which preserves their figures and keeps their cheeks rosy, long after the women in neighboring valleys are bent and faded. The trousers and jackets of black homespun are like those of the men; so are the big hob-nailed shoes. In fact, the only concession to femininity is a brilliant scarlet handkerchief, wound round the head in an altogether bewitching manner. There is nothing so convenient as this costume, when the women ride up to the *Alps* on their ponies, to milk the cows at nightfall.

Unfortunately, Champéry is becoming such a fashionable tourist resort that the women are getting a little shy, and no longer go about as freely as they used to do, during the season.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

Old Reiser had been a fisherman all his life on the lake of Thun, and he was now over seventy.

Just because to-day happened to be the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding was no reason for stopping work. Besides, lake trout were scarce and in demand, and his fishing permit came high. So he had spent the day as usual with his nets, off the reeds, where the Aar rushes into the lake.

In the late afternoon Reiser rowed home, obliquely across, to the hamlet of Sundlauenen. It was only a handful of dingy chalets, built on the rubble which the Suldbach had brought down through the ages, and inhabited by a wretched, primitive population. As he neared, he turned his boat, — they always do in the Oberland, — and rode stern foremost under the rustic roof of his boat-house. His wife, who was watching, came to meet him from their cottage.

She wore the old-fashioned bodice of the Bernese costume and the wide sleeves. Her face was puckered into weather-beaten wrinkles, her hands hard and callous, her gait stooping and slouchy, peasant-like. As she laid her hand on his arm and pushed him affectionately, her little old eyes were moist with happiness. She had said all along she knew they would never live to celebrate their golden wedding. It was an intuition, she insisted, but now, after all, it was such a relief to know that she was wrong.

Some young ladies from the Pension at the end of the lake, who were fond of picnicking here, on the grass by the water, nicknamed the old couple the Duke and Duchess, — probably because their manners were so much finer than those of real

Dukes and Duchesses. That morning those dear young ladies had brought their wedding gift, she told him. Four pounds of sugar, two of coffee (for them both, you see), some cotton thread and a paper of pins for her. They had asked about tobacco for old Reiser, but she told them proudly that he never smoked.

Reiser's wife had never been farther from home than Berne, some twenty-five miles away, and that was in her youth. They had never had any children. He had fished; she had worked in their vegetable patch, and woven the hemp for his nets, or helped him mend them. It was always a struggle to make both ends meet, but they had been really happy through it all. "And to think," she repeated, as they came out after supper, "that I felt so sure we would never live to see this day."

They sat on the bench at the side of the cottage, where the nets hang to dry. There was such a calm on the lake, they could hear people talking on the other shore. From the fringe of the woods came the smell of cyclamen. A quiet light glowed behind the Stockhorn, but the Niesen had already become a purple pyramid turning black. An electric light was turned on at the Därlingen steamboat landing, and, soon after, a star appeared over the shoulder of the range opposite.

Old Rieser and his wife sat hand in hand, like lovers. She had brought out the Bible, as though it were Sunday. At intervals, she still persisted that she had always felt they would never live to see this day.

Just then a fish rose. The ripples parted slowly in a circle across the calm, — line after line, without pause, infinite, — a symbol of immortality.

"But now I don't care what happens," said the old woman. And they went in.

THE LANDSGEMEINDE.

It is the 6th of May, and Sunday. The whole Canton of Uri is astir. From Goeschenen to Fluelen the people are moving upon Altdorf, walking, driving, or by train. The torrent of the Reuss rumbles through the ravines, across the fodder plains, between shelving stone banks, straight into the lake of Luzern. There is a sprinkling of snow on the summit of the Bristenstock; the Gitschen wears a cap of clouds in sign of fine weather. The grass in the orchards is strewn with fragrant shadows.

Midday at Altdorf. In the market place a procession is forming: first militiamen, then magistrates, beadles in long cloaks, and voters of all types. A tall man in black steps into his carriage, the soldiers salute, the drums roll. With that the march begins, out to the meadow of Bötzlingen and der Gand, by the dusty highway.

One o'clock. Two thousand voters are standing in a circle on a wooden platform, with the tall magistrate and a clerk in the center. There are farmers in the ring, and monks from the Capuchin monastery, herders and hotel proprietors. Almost everybody smokes. On the outskirts the women and children watch and wait.

Indeed, there are even some baby carriages in the shade, for the Landsgemeinde is the most patriarchal and immemorial assembly to be found the world over.

But look, the voters bare their heads, and a mighty hush follows, while they repeat their *Ave Marias*, each to himself. A cuckoo calls from the woods of Attinghausen, somebody at the drinking booth laughs coarsely, the St. Gothard train whistles as it passes. Then the business of the meeting begins.

Two o'clock. At present the discussion is about the new constitution. Tobacco smoke rises in puffs from the assembly, to disappear in the sunlight. The people on the hill are eating from lunch baskets, mostly filled with hunks of bread and cheese, or, for a treat, drinking from bottles of sour wine. Others are crowding around the refreshment booths, that are ranged along the approach to the meadow, and there they jostle one another awkwardly, trampling the grass in heavy shoes, speaking a guttural dialect. After a while, a vote is taken on the adoption of the constitution. It is done by a show of hands, but the assembly murmurs and bellows like a bull, while the clerk counts the ayes and nays.

Three o'clock. And now, the next order of business is the election of officers. A beadle in costume of orange and black rises after each result, lifts his cocked hat, and wishes the new magistrate "health and wealth." But the noise from the outskirts at times interferes with the

speakers, so that a policemen is sent to protest, and a man in his cups is marched off for resisting.

Along the further skyline the twin mountains of Bauen grow dim with the increasing warmth. It seems as though the sun were drawing the scent from spring flowers and fruit blossoms for no purpose, and the breeze scattering it in vain, since the crowd talk, and eat, and drink all unmindful. Perhaps these two young people standing by the wall, looking sheepish and saying nothing, feel this beauty, without knowing.

Four o'clock. The assembly adjourns. Everybody presses blindly on to the highway, where the procession reforms and marches back to Altdorf, while many people scatter in groups to every country-side and valley of Canton Uri. After all, it is a noble thing to make your own laws, under God's sky, in sight of His mountains, as your fathers did before you.

Yes, this Landsgemeinde is crude,—with a certain primeval, Germanic uncouthness. But it does its work simply and openly; in the sunlight. It is democratic, it is the government of all men. Its germ can never die.

SUMMER PASTURES.

That morning the cattle of Meiringen sniffed for the free air of the mountains. After their winter in warm pens, they pushed forward on the road, bellowing and stamping the ground. Above the din of their bells rose the cries of the herders, running before and behind. A few horses went

along to carry kettles for making cheese, and quite a company of frightened sheep and goats scuttled after, driven by little boys who kept up an altogether senseless cracking of whips. It was the yearly migration of the cattle to the summer pastures of the Gschwandenmad Alp.

The train turned a corner above the Reichenbach Falls. A trailing *diminuendo* vibrated in the crystal air. At times a puff of wind would renew the clamor for an instant, but slowly the tones of the bells sank into faint tinklings, the herders' calls sounded muffled, and the little boys grew too tired to crack their whips.

As they climbed through the woods, the men caught some last glimpses of the valley of Hasli, where, in the patchwork of the plains, young oats and clover stretched side by side in narrow strips.

Whenever they passed a chalet, children would be there watching shyly on the steps,—tow-headed little things in patched clothes and might shoes.

At last the beeches and brambles of the lower woods gave way to firs. There was already the keen tonic of the snow in the air, when lo! at the head of the narrowing valley, the Alp of Gschwandenmad lay smiling with many thousand flowers. The white Wetterhorn rose on the right, the black Wellhorn in the middle, the glacier of Rosenlaui curled down to the left, and round about the circling forests stood sentinel. It was not long before the huts, deserted all winter, rang from within, and the cattle trampled the soft ground outside into mire and manure.

At dawn next day a herder carried milk down to Meiringin in a wooden hod fitted to his back. He wore a tight canvas jacket with short sleeves, leaving the arms to bronze in the sun. Where the path was steep, he steadied himself with an *alpenstock*. His shoes were soiled and iron shod, his head covered with a leather skull cap, and a curved pipe hung persistently from his lips. As he slipped, he swore.

But in the afternoon his pack was empty, for everything had gone well with him; and so, when he passed the chalet where Gretli lived, he could not help jodling from a full heart. It was a rough, manly outburst, re-echoing back and forth from the cliffs of the Engelhorner; in fact, it must have carried Gretli's heart by storm, for later on when the girls came to the Alp for the summer festival of dancing and wrestling, he kept her to himself all day and threw his rival in the ring.

At noon the herders used to sit down before a bucket-full of boiled milk. Each had a wooden spoon with which to dip in, the handle being curved into a hook, so as to hang on the edge of the bucket. All there was to eat was a piece of bread and a slice of poor cheese. They talked very little, and that in a surly, sing-song way, with the stupid stare of their cattle in their eyes; sometimes complaining of their work, for the most part of their poor pay; cursing alternately the tourists, the heavy air of the plains, or the cold of the mountain nights. There was no sentimental mountaineering cult about them.

Making cheese was a daily task. First, they poured milk into a vast kettle. A little rennet was added to curdle the milk, and the mixture allowed to stand some twenty minutes. Someone then skimmed off the waste with a thin wooden shovel, and stirred the whole with a pine stick, bristling with the buts of the branches left on. This preparation was boiled, poured into a form, allowed to cool, and finally pressed until hard.

At the end of the summer, when all the hay on the lower pastures was housed, three men climbed beyond the utmost limits of the timber line to the islets of green among the barren crags, where the cows cannot go. They carried their scythes upon the left shoulder, the little cup with the whetstone fastened to the waist, and their broad felt hats were exactly alike. As they climbed in single file, they made their zigzags the same length, swung their bodies to the same time, mounting sure-footed with a beautiful precision to the heights. For days they mowed in upper solitudes above the alpine roses, but among the gentians, and the soft gray felt of the edelweiss. They mowed on the brinks of precipices, unconcernedly. It was their only grace, this art of unconscious equilibrium.

From shelving rocks fringes of silver showers dripped and drifted dust-like in mid air. It was the trickle of the melting snow. The cold wind sang in their ears, coming from a white winter up there, that never turns to spring. Clouds, in torn shreds floated ill-at-ease along the crags in tragic discontent.

A few days later the three men carried bales of hay wrapped in canvas down paths hardly fit for goats. With that their summer's work was over.

As the last afternoon waned, the flowers quaked before the growing keenness of the wind. A mountain bird uttered sudden, startled notes. From all the pasture came the haphazard jingling of cow-bells, as the descending cattle advanced towards the hut. They stood about for awhile, switching their tails, while the head herder passed from one to the other with a bag of salt to give each one a handful. When one by one the cows had entered the stables with a last jerk of their bells, a thin blue line rose from the hut where the men were cooking their supper. Their violet veil of twilight hung upon the further mountains, and all was still, save that the torrent rumbled to the night.

Next day the weather broke.

W. D. McCrackan.

The Story of an Artist's Model.

I.

IT was late when I arrived at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* that morning. Usually, I am there early, for I like to have my easel arranged before the model begins to pose. You see artists are so greedy. Those first in the studio select the best points of view, and as for the poor fools who come afterwards — *ma foi!* they have to put up with what they can find. Yes, I was very late; indeed it was after eleven when I rushed up the great staircase and entered the long, brilliantly lighted room.

The confusion which at once met my eyes was bewildering. Instead of being quietly at work, I found every man in the studio had left his easel and was talking in the greatest excitement to himself or to his neighbor. On all sides, disorder prevailed. Palettes, paints, brushes, were scattered about on the floor in a confusion which made me shudder. Jean Janois was even knocking over an easel as he ran across the floor with a glass of water in his hand.

"Has a whirlwind struck these mad artists or what is the matter?" I asked myself, not under-

standing at all. Suddenly, however, I happened to glance at the model's platform and everything was explained. The model had fainted away.

"It is terrible — exasperating," Sebastien cried with a shrug as he saw me. "She is the most wonderful model we have ever had and now she faints! Bah! women should never pose!"

"She may not be used to it," I answered carelessly. I could not withdraw my eyes from the beautiful, deathlike face.

"Very evidently she is not," sneered Sebastien.

"Will some of you men cease to jabber and come and help me?" exclaimed Jean Janois as he bent down and pressed the water to the model's lips, while the woman attendant rubbed her lifeless hands.

I seized a large fan and went with it to the platform, but Jean Janois took it from me. He insisted on fanning her himself, and he arranged the thick drapery which had been thrown over her prostrate form, for it was chilly.

"She is my model," continued Sebastien, when I came back. "You can thank me for discovering the most beautiful woman in the world! Yes, I found her and I was determined to paint her. She is very poor and wanted the money.

"Did you say that she is married?" asked a little man who stood near us.

"Yes. The husband is dying. Starvation, I imagine. She was glad enough to sign my papers, for it meant bread, perhaps life, to the man she loved. You see she didn't know she must pose nude."

"Didn't know?" asked the little man, amazed.

"And I did not tell her. I had the papers, and people are so foolish! When will they get over their absurd prejudices and learn to sacrifice notions for art?"

Sebastien left us and strode over to Jean Janois. He was impatient for the model to revive, in order that he might go on with his work.

"You should have been here before!" declared Ivan Isilei, a young Russian painter, coming up to me. "Ah, but she was superb! magnificent! I never saw such a form! such features! But she seemed most unhappy, and I could not understand why. That expression — a look of agony — see, Sebastien has caught it. Sebastien is doing fine work to-day."

The Russian's chatter might have continued much longer, but at that moment the model, moving slightly, opened her eyes and a hum of delight went through the studio. As for me, I stood like one transfixed, rooted to the spot. In all my life I never had beheld such beauty. In all my life I never had seen such hopeless despair. She seemed like some pure spirit who was vainly seeking to escape from torture. The warm blood rushed to my face as I thought indignantly of Sebastien's contemptible conduct in deceiving this delicate, sensitive creature. In her frightened look and helpless attitude, I read the anguish and suffering she must have endured before her strength had finally failed her; the effort which such a sacrifice must have cost one who was so manifestly proud and womanly.

"What?" cried Sebastien fiercely, interrupting my reflections. "Does she refuse to pose longer? Does she dare to refuse?"

"She's not the ordinary kind," explained the attendant, who was a rough, uncouth woman, "and you know, monsieur, that she had a bad turn — a very bad turn."

Jean Janois was helping the model to rise, and Sebastien stood before him like a lion, his powerful frame trembling with anger. Sebastien is a large man.

"You are breaking your promise — the agreement which you signed yourself, woman!" he said, not heeding the attendant — "and I tell you, if you dare to do such a thing, not one *sou* shall you receive for your pains. You can go back to your dying husband and tell him where you have been, but ——"

"Oh, heaven help me!" the woman whispered in despair, standing erect, as she pulled the soft white drapery tightly about her, and looked in every direction for some escape.

I started forward without waiting another instant. Directly behind the platform was a door which led to the dressing room. Quickly opening this, I made signs to the attendant, who at once understanding my purpose, led her out without a word.

When I came back to the studio, Sebastien was walking up and down like a lunatic. *Ma foi*, how his eyes blazed! I joined a group of men who stood admiring the full-length, life-size sketch on his easel.

"A marvelous beginning!" said one. "He has worked this morning as though inspired. What a pity he could not have finished!"

"It would have been cruelty. She was almost killed as it was. But what a magnificent head!"

"She might pose for Venus," the little man declared enthusiastically, as he gazed at the half-finished canvas.

Sebastien joined us.

"By heavens, she shall not get off so easily!" he declared, "I will paint that woman if I have to drag her here again. I will tell her that her effeminate husband shall learn of her little escapade, and that will probably bring her."

"But — did not the husband know?"

"I should rather think not. There was some sentimental nonsense, and she made me promise he should be kept in ignorance. But if worse comes to worse," continued the man, "perhaps each of you will let me have his sketch. I could do something in that way, for I'm bound to paint her! — and now I suppose we must hunt for another model."

"Find one who does not faint, this time," laughed Ivan Isilei. I was disgusted at Sebastien, and so was Jean Janois. He put his arm through mine and we left the studio.

. . . . . .

Two days afterward I found out where she lived. Sebastien had told Jean Janois, and the latter came and took me off to an out-of-the-way corner of Paris, to investigate the case, for we were both interested.

"If she is really in want, it should be seen to," he had said, and I agreed with him.

The house was in a dark, narrow street, and it, too, looked very dark and narrow as we entered. One thing about it was bright, however, and that was the hostess. She was a short, stout woman, with a red, shining face, and much false hair. We found her washing windows, and she dropped her towel quickly as she turned and saw we had been admitted.

"I beg your pardon," said Jean Janois with a slight cough.

"Pray, what may I do for you, messieurs?" she asked, as Jean hesitated.

"We wish to render some assistance to a poor lady, who, we are told, lives here and whose husband is ill."

"Ah, *ciel*, but you do come too late!" she cried with an engaging smile. "Madame and her husband are gone. They left yesterday, and I hope by this time they are both feeling better, poor things."

"What! Gone? Left Paris?" I asked, stupefied.

"Yes, left Paris! You see monsieur had a letter which brought good fortune — and by this time I dare say they are far away, under the skies of Italy. Ah me! I was in Italy once — when I was young."

"But we heard that he was dying?" declared Jean Janois.

"And he will die sometime, poor monsieur!" she answered softly, wiping her eyes.

"Madame and her husband were very poor?"

"Ah, yes!" she said, while she settled herself as a woman does who enjoys the prospect of telling a sad story.

"You see," she continued, "monsieur was English, and madame — was an angel! monsieur's family objected to the match. You see, monsieur's family in England are very fine, and madame, though so good, is poor. They have been here six months and monsieur has grown weaker every day. Consumption, you see. I'm sure, if care and devotion could do anything, monsieur should get well, for in all that time madame has never left him once — till the other day."

Here the hostess paused a moment, for she was scant of breath. "The other day," she went on, "madame came to me early in the morning with a happy face. 'I'm going to win us good fortune,' she said, and then she told me how the doctor had declared that the only way to save monsieur's life was to go South. How she had been in despair when she had heard this; how happy she was now since she had found a way to bring it about. Would I stay with monsieur? Of course I would. 'It is so hard to leave Jack,' she said, monsieur is Jack, you see, but I promised to take good care of him and so she went. While she was gone the letter came. It brought sunshine back to monsieur's pale face. For the first time in weeks he was getting up to dress, when all at once madame came back. Ah, messieurs, I never saw such a wretched woman. Changed? She was twenty

years older! When I opened the door, she fell into my arms, and she dared not go to monsieur for some time. Neither he nor I ever found out what the trouble was. The letter put all other thoughts out of his mind, you see, and — yes, they went yesterday. They have promised to write to me," —

"Then we can do nothing to help them?" asked Jean Janois regretfully.

"I think not. Do you know you are the second here to-day, to enquire for madame? Another gentleman came this morning. He was really angry, and would not believe me at first when I said they were gone."

"Was he very tall — very large?" I enquired.

"Yes, very. He quite frightened me," she declared with a shrug.

"It was Sebastien," said Jean Janois.

II.

Springtime in Paris. Where is the spring more gay? The brilliant sky, the laughing crowds, the flowers, and best of all — best for me — the *Salon*.

Jean Janois had his arm in mine as we made our way through the throng and looked at the long lines of pictures. We had been here for hours and could not get away. There is a fascination about the opening day which I never can outlive. It is the great holiday for artists, and certainly all Paris seems to enjoy it as much as we do. First one

man, then another, had begged us to come and see where his picture was hung. Of course, nobody was satisfied with the hanging — I say nobody, but I am wrong. Sebastien was thoroughly satisfied. He had obtained the *Prix de Rome* and his picture was in the place of honor.

"What is the matter?" I asked surprised, when suddenly Jean Janois gave my arm a terrible pinch.

"See! see! he whispered excitedly, pointing through the crowd, "It is — oh, it is!"

"Are you insane?" I inquired, laughing, but looking in the direction he had pointed, I instantly became grave. Not six feet from us, a lady and gentleman were standing, gazing with fixed attention at an Eastern picture by Gérôme. The pallid face of the man told of weariness and ill health, but he stood erect and smiled in light-hearted enjoyment as he listened to his wife's quiet words. And the wife? Could that beautiful woman, so quietly but elegantly dressed, whose every movement breathed a soft refinement, be our model? It certainly was, and both Jean Janois and I shuddered as we thought of the terrible meaning of her presence.

"How can we get them away?" I whispered, conscious that something must be done.

"There is the chance that they may not see," said Jean.

"But they will see if they stay."

As I spoke, the fair-faced Englishman looked down at his wife. We were so near I could not help listening to their conversation.

"Why is it, Marie, that you do not care to look at pictures any more?" he was saying in a low voice.

"And why is it that you think I do not?"

"You really did not care to come to-day — confess."

"I shall confess nothing. If you enjoy it, you know I do."

"Ah! Marie, I believe you would do anything for me — you never think of yourself. Do you know," he went on, smiling, "I feel better already since we have come back to Paris. I am a different man to-day. I shall soon be well, Marie, don't you think I shall, dear?"

They began to move slowly down the room. Jean Janois and I followed them.

"See!" said the Englishman, suddenly turning "what is all that crowd doing over there? By Jove, Marie, we must go and see. It is probably the gem of the collection, or it wouldn't attract so many people. And we had almost missed it — come."

I looked at Jean Janois in terror. He actually turned pale. Before we had time to think further or seek some means of stopping them, both had been lost from us in the crowd.

A curious murmur seemed to rise soon afterwards, and I saw the tall Englishman and his wife slowly making their way through the surprised throng, unobservant of the strange attention they were attracting.

"What are they doing? Oh, what will hap-

pen?" I cry in agony to Jean Janois. Then I leap through the crowd, pushing my way like a madman, not heeding how I go, but only intent on preventing, if possible, the calamity which seems so near. Men stare, women remonstrate, children cry, but I care not. I only dash on with the wild, unreasoning hope of snatching the pair in front of me from a terrible revelation, but I am too late. Even as I stretch out my hand to draw him back, the man raises his eyes and sees.

A vision, so fair, so beautiful that one might truly say, it is a spirit too pure for this rough world, is on the wall before us. The portrait of the woman who stands, perfectly nude, looking down upon the throng, is a wonderful production of art. Its beauty is enchanting, dazzling. The face seems to breathe forth radiance, and yet, in the proud turn of the head, the piercing eyes, one can almost read a silent appeal for pity. Certainly Sebastien has done his work well, and merits the praise he is receiving on all sides. His picture is true to the life, cruelly true, for every one here can see its counterpart.

Shall I ever forget that cry? It is so faint that it scarcely reaches my ears, yet it is so full of meaning it thrills every fibre of my body. Anguish, reproach, despair, seem rending a man's heart in shreds, and the broken words which come with the cry do not speak half so plainly.

"A man has fallen senseless!" soon I hear a woman call out, but I am almost too dazed to heed her.

"Water! air! Oh, see his poor wife!" declares another.

In the awe-stricken silence, I look down at the white face of the man before me. His eyes are closed, his hands relaxed, and with horror I see a bright stream issuing from his mouth.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" sobs Marie, kneeling at his side. "Only hear me, Jack, hear me! It was for you, Jack, for you! Oh, darling, darling, say you hear, it was all for you —"

The eyes open for a moment, and seem to smile. Then all is still; and the desolate woman who waits so long and silently for an answer, can only guess that he has heard.

. . . . . .

Sunshine and shadow, shadow and sunshine,— continually they chase each other across our lives, and leave them never wholly colorless. However sad the changing drama we call life may be, however vivid the memory of a great and lasting sorrow, there still is here and there a gleam of cheer which brings a short forgetfulness.

Jean Janois and I have been sketching in Bretigny this summer. To-day, as we were drawing the moss-covered towers of an old convent, a crowd of little charity children playing in the court came to look over our shoulders. Suddenly, the convent door opened, and the figure of a nun appeared on the threshold. As I looked, the children left us, and ran joyfully towards her.

"Come, oh come, *ma soeur*, and see the pictures!" they cried, laughing as they nestled in her black gown.

The grave, sweet face looked down upon the eager little ones and gave them a sad, lingering smile; then gently but quickly drawing them within, she disappeared in silence.

Jean Janois and I looked at the closed door, speechless for a whole minute.

"You think Sister Maria is very beautiful, don't you?" asked a bright-eyed boy, close at my elbow.

"Very," I answered, as soon as I could speak.

"So do I — so do we all. We love her!" he announced, smiling as he gazed curiously into our astonished faces.

Jean Janois returned his smile, and I grasped the little fellow by the hand.

As he turned and ran across the courtyard, I saw tears in Jean's eyes.

"Did you recognize her, too?" I asked.

Reuel Crompton Tuttle.

With Poet's Eyes.

AND though the poet was one of that noisy band of travelers that had sought shelter at the inn for the night, yet he differed from each and all, for he was a man who saw life not as we see it, and, being a poet, looked he not with poet's eyes?

The snug room of the inn with its roaring fire seemed cheerful, as the wind and rain played havoc at the window casements, while, in sharp contrast to the low hum of voices, came ever and anon the snapping of some tree's branch in the court, or a strange creaking sound as the sign of the "White Horse" swung to and fro on its rusted hinges. The candles burned dim, but the fire was bright, and when one piled fresh logs upon the hearth, and the flames leaped up and lighted all the room, the poet drew aside from the circle of wayfarers gathered round their mugs of ale, and sat gazing upon the flames, thinking, for he was a meditative man. And as he looked intently at the blaze, and marked how the seething flames thrust out long red arms that encircled every piece of the wood, he saw a small log and a large log, from the same tree, lying together apart from the rest.

And when the flames reached them he noticed that the large log burned quickly, and turned to ashes, but the smaller one resisted and was slower in consuming, yet it was also burned to ashes, at the last.

Now the poet thought within himself of this, and it seemed to him that the flame of the fire was the flame of life, and that a drama had been played out before his eyes. As he sat he mused upon the thing, and musing spoke, while his companions drew near that they might catch his words, for he was of repute amongst them all. And the poet told his tale, and said:—

"Would that we could see return to us those days of good Queen Bess who ruled our land so wisely and so well,—those days of chivalry, when life and love were free, when bravery was its own reward, and stainless honor ruled in the hearts of men! But the past is past! Now in those days, those golden days of which I speak, there lived a sailor lad, brave and true as is every British sailor; and beneath his coat, his blue coat with its rows of shining buttons, there was a heart that throbbed with love for that dear country, his own native land. And he longed for the coming time when he could fight for her causes as for his causes, and defend her honor as his own.

"The sailor was but a boy, yet he loved with all the love of his boyish heart a maiden whom he had known since the time, when years ago they wandered through the dales of his dear home, hand clasped in hand. Nor did he love and woo

her in vain, for she gave her heart to him, and joyfully she thought of her bonnie laddie who in years to come would be her shield and stay, and locked in whose protecting arms every grief could be conquered and every fear defied.

"But happiness must have an end and the sailor must face the stormy sea, and far from home, and far from her whom he loved, must he fight his country's battles till he could return again. Yet ever in dreams would his spirit fly to the little low-roofed cottage and linger with the loved ones there. And the maiden left alone would pray to the God above, that His watchful care might ever surround her laddie, 'till he could come to her from his wanderings on the sea. But why did the God of love not hear her prayer, or, hearing, fail to grant it? We cannot say — time rules us all, and fate is fate!

"Deep down beneath the waves of the stormy northern sea he found a grave. For three long centuries have the winds dashed into whitened foam the waters that surge above his breast. While far from where he lies, far off in dear old England, the land he loved so well, in the years that came they laid to rest in a quiet churchyard a gray-haired woman. Wearied and worn with watching she sleeps with a peaceful smile upon her face, awaiting the time when love shall meet with love again.

"'Tis a simple tale, my friends, and one of years long gone," the poet said, "but bear in mind that hearts were truly hearts and faithful love was faithful love three centuries ago."

The poet, having spoken, turned and looked upon his friends, but one was gone, and another was not listening, and still another drowsed. So he turned once more to the fire and pondered with himself why they had shown no interest in his tale. It was too long, the poet thought, or mayhap it was too short, or yet because it happened so many, many years ago they felt no interest in it. Thus mused the poet with himself, for he was a man who saw life not as we see it, and being a poet, looked he not with poet's eyes?

Ah, foolish man, 'twas not that thy tale was long or that thy tale was short; 'twas not that it spoke of men and times now passed, nay, not for these things did men fail to hear thee, or hearing, gave no thought! Hadst thou but spoken to them of false and fickle vows, of broken hearts that mend themselves, and love that dies and lives, and dies and lives again, thou mightest have made thy tale full twice as long, and men would still have listened and even begged for more. Humanity you know not, nor ever can, while you hold to your simple views of a simple life. 'Tis not the dove which, tame, feeds from the hands and builds its nest and rears its young in quiet and secluded spots, it is the vulture which, with loud cries and hoarse shrieks of satisfaction, swoops down upon the carrion only and claws it with its horrid talons, and tears it with its sharpened beak, and is not content until it lays bare a rotting and putrid heart.

Oh, gentle-minded poet, such is the world you live in, such are the men you meet!

Yet the poet thought not thus, but while the wind still drove the rain against the casement, and the huge trees in the court still swayed and tossed their creaking branches, he sat by the dying glow of the fire musing as ever, and blaming himself that the tale had been too long, and the time and place too far away.

David Willard.

Over the Coffee Cups.

A FARCE.

Scene.— The breakfast table.

Dramatis Personæ :—

PAUL.— *An only son — away at college.*

CHARLES.— *Paul's father comfortable, complaisant; coffee cup in one hand, newspaper in the other; head bald as a billiard ball and gilded in patches by the sun shining through geraniums.*

EDITH.— *Paul's little cross-eyed sister with a yellow pig-tail; sullenly eating a big plate of oat-meal, which she abominates with an utter abomination.*

AUNT SUE.— *A grimly conscientious lady who was never young and whose milk of human kindness — she would indignantly deny it — is diluted. Her only real pleasures lie in visiting the Chamber of Horrors and reading the Old Testament. Estimable woman! She takes the place of a mother to the children, and is sitting at the head of the table among shining urns.*

GRANDPA.— *Deaf.*

WAITRESS.

CURTAIN RISES.

AUNT SUE (*in agitated falsetto*) — Charles, Charles, *do* put up that paper and attend to breakfast. You make it *so* hard for the servant, and she's always complaining about it to *me*. Come, don't be so disagreeable.

CHARLES (*absently and thoroughly absorbed in the paper*) — Yes, dear, yes, dear.

AUNT SUE.— Edith, if you can't sit up any straighter Janet will get you a sofa pillow. There, that will do! I can't allow my little girl to lounge at the table.

EDITH (*sulkily*) — Please gimmy a fried cate!

AUNT SUE.— No, Edith, I don't approve of greasy fried cakes (*helping herself to one*) for children. Grown-up people can eat with perfect propriety what would be very injurious to little girls.

EDITH (*with a sob*) — Please gimmy a biscuit!

AUNT SUE (*wearily*) — Edith, you make it *very* hard for me. If my little girl wants to suffer *agonies* from indigestion after she becomes a young lady, why (*in sudden passion*) just take a hot biscuit! Take it! Take it and make yourself sick! Make me sit up with you all night! — Me an invalid! (*Calmly*) — You can't have a *thing* till you stop your snivelling.

(*Waitress enters with a letter for "Charles Endicott, Esq.," and lays it by his plate.*

CHARLES (*buried in newspaper*) — Humph! (*glances at envelope*) Ha! (*reads*): "If not called for in three days return to Dr. Hogg, President of Suspension College." (*Drops newspaper.*) Why, its about Paul! I hope he hasn't been doing anything.

AUNT SUE (*with stinging sarcasm*) — Doing anything! Of course he hasn't been doing anything! I wonder that you send him to college, Charles. I *know* he's only flinging his time away with evil

associates and learning wicked habits, and if I only had *my way* ———

EDITH (*thrusting her devoted head between the open jaws of a lioness*) — Paul is a *good* boy! He is *not* wicked! And I love him!

AUNT SUE.— Let me hear another word from *you*, and you go upstairs to bed!

(*Charles dashes letter to the table with a slam; cloth becomes a morass of coffee. Then silence.*

CHARLES.— I am bitterly disappointed in that boy, bitterly disappointed. He has been suspended from college — a son of mine! — and is coming home.

AUNT SUE.— Well, I hope you're satisfied now! I always said so! I always expected something of the kind — always! Am surprised that it didn't happen long ago! If I were you I'd just shut the door in ——

GRANDPA (*deaf as an adder but wiser*) — Charles, the sooner you buy that boy a shovel and wheelbarrow and set him to work, the better!

EDITH (*passionately*) — Paul *isn't* wasting his opportunities and he *shan't* go to work!

AUNT SUE.— Edith Endicott, look me straight in the face!

(*Dead silence; clock ticks patiently; exit Edith from the room in tears.*

AUNT SUE.— There now! This has brought on my palpitation again. (*Icily*) — Oh no, it's of no consequence, Charles, none in the least. No, I shall *not* have the doctor! Charles Endicott, if you send up the doctor I shall refuse to see him!

I shall suffer patiently and in silence, as I always do. Oh, certainly, you were perfectly right! You kept right on indulging him, and pampering him, and letting him fritter money away. I thought sure you *wanted* to see him come home disgraced! *Women* don't know anything about bringing up children! Don't you think it's about time you took my advice for once? Don't you think it's about time you pulled Paul up short like an omnibus horse, and made him work? Don't you think that a little firmness, a little severity, before it's too late—ga, ga. (*Looks toward the door with eyes of agate. Collapses.*)

Enter Paul clad in a little London hat, the sublime airiness of whose pose is just short of the miraculous, a coat that was apparently constructed for the Siamese Twins, wicked looking gaiters, and a wreathing smile. He staggers under the weight of a dress-suit case, gun case, racquet case, walking sticks, etc., and leads a little sporting terrier by a string.

Charles stands pawing the ground like an angry bull who has sighted a red rag — then bursts forth:

By Jupiter, I'll go for you! I'll—ugh! ugh! ugh!——ugh! ugh! ugh!——ugh! ugh! ugh! (*chokes in a fit of coughing.*)

GRANDPA.— What a shocking overcoat he's got on, Charles! Thoroughly Bowery! I hope its paid for.

CHARLES.— I hope it is! (*To Paul, who is about to speak*)—Don't you dare to interrupt me, sir! Don't you open your mouth! So you have come back *here* with your shame, have you, in the dress

of a gambler, and the character of one. Do you realize, sir, that I'd rather see you come home in your coffin than like this! Suspended from college! (*Snorts*)—Do you know what that means? *So do I*—I went to college once myself—hold your tongue! It means that you have been dragging your name and mine through every gin shop and den of vice in the city and squandering your money with low people, and by George, sir, it makes me want to think I never had a son. Go to your room.

EDITH. (*Clattering down stairs and across the hall*)—O—o! Oh, Paul! you dear thing! (*hugs him*) O—e!

(CURTAIN.)

LUCIAN WATERMAN ROGERS.

Amiee.

[Reprinted from Short Stories.]

September 17, 1793.

La Force.

MY Dear Eugene, you would be grieved if you could see me now as I sit writing to you by the dim light of a feeble candle.

Does it shock you this heading of mine that stares so boldly in your startled eyes from the top of the page? Does it say that I am disgraced, and do you believe it? If so, pardon me for the sake of old times and old friendships. But in the old times the King ruled, and we sang "O Richard, O mon Roi!" but now the people gone mad must have their say and we must suffer and endure and listen to the people sing "Ca Ira."

You would ask how came I here. When I have answered, you will say, what a fool to have gone back. Just so. Yet listen.

You know that when the rest of us fled my brother remained behind. He had done much for the people and trusted to their gratitude. You cry out, "How foolish!" Exactly. He thought they would not harm him. He was mistaken. They would have torn a dog to pieces if it had borne my name.

They seized and condemned him to death. I heard of his imprisonment and went back to save him. It was unjust that he should suffer for my sins. I came too late. From a sheltering doorstep I saw the mad mob rush past me and in their midst, on a pike held high in the air, was my brother's head. I tried to get across the frontier and escape, hiding in the woods and under dunghills by day, and dragging myself along the road by night, living on refuse that the dogs would not eat. In vain. I was discovered by a vile ditch-digger from Rouen, who, meeting me on the road, recognized me, and, urged to patriotism by the remembrance of what he was pleased to call his daughter's wrongs, he betakes himself to the village and reports his discovery, and so this worthy patriot, with a score of equally worthy patriots, lie in wait and seize me as I stagger wearily along.

The peasants have become virtuous, my friends, or desire to appear so, and have tenacious memories for former trifles that were better forgotten. A strange time is this when the cattle are become hypocrites and we nobles in sackcloth and ashes pose for martyrs.

They placed me in charge of an escort armed with pikes and old muskets, and sent me off to Paris to the court of condemnation. I could tell you of things that I saw *en route* that would make your blood run cold, but I spare you. And yet, this word of warning. If you value your heads keep away from here, for the people are gone mad, and our blood flows freer in the present than ever did our wine in the past.

To make a long story short, we reached Paris the next morning, and my trial came off without delay. When my worthy friend, the patriot from Rouen, told how he knew me and ended up his remarks with a burst of tears, it was all over with me. The galleries howled and stormed: "Down Lamoutte, Down! To the guillotine, Lamoutte!" You should have heard them!

The judge rang his bell and the jurors voted separately, and at every vote the galleries roared anew. *Decreed in the name of the Republic one and indivisible: — The prisoner is an enemy of the People. Back to La Force with him, and death within the week.*

Cattle!

Picture to yourself a long, low hall with hard wooden benches nailed to the stone walls, long, narrow windows with great iron gratings, hardly admitting a ray of light. This is our prison — I say ours, for there are some six score of us together. Fair-haired girls and grandmothers, courtiers, nobles, waiting to look out of the *little window*.

The whole company rose and bowed to me as the jailor thrust me into the room, and a tall, elegantly formed man, with white hair and face like a Greek philosopher, stepped forward.

"May I ask," said he, bowing most courteously, "to what cause we owe the pleasure of your company?"

"The Republic is displeased with its humble servant."

He smiled quietly. "It is a breach of good

manners that needs correcting; we are all, I fear, sufferers from the same rudeness," was his comment. There was a laugh. He then asked my name and condition, with the remark that it would be rude made elsewhere, but the time and place permitted it. My reply was evidently satisfactory, for he turned to the others and said:

"This gentleman, the Marquis of Lamoutte, has had the good fortune to be sent among us for a short time, and I hope you will all strive to make his stay as pleasant as possible. And you, Monsieur, will, I hope, take part in all of our gayeties and be cheerful and entertaining, forgetting your own misfortunes and striving to make others forget theirs. This is the only duty required of you." He then took me by the hand and led me around the circle, introducing me to all in the room.

What astonished me most was the perfect composure and even gayety pervading all their actions. I hardly noticed an anxious look or a nervous movement among them, yet like myself they are all condemned to death.

There is one person to whom I am quite attracted, a sweet young girl of some twenty years, with long, brown hair and very dark blue eyes. I imagine I hear you laugh. "Up to the old tricks again," you say. You are mistaken. This is not the time nor place. Man goes to his death better than he goes through life.

September 18th.

Our life here is a constant round of theatrical

entertainments, readings, game playing, and even dancing. Anything to make the time pass quickly, and keep our minds from the thoughts of what the future has in store for us all. Last night we had a little play written by Madame Duron, which was well presented by the Dramatic Club. You would be surprised to have seen how well the parts were taken. We are to have another performance to-night. If it were not for the gloomy surroundings, wooden benches, and cold stone walls, with their little windows, you would think to see us that we were attending a levee at the Tuilleries. Our clothes are somewhat in need of repairing and brushing, but our manners are, as ever, *au fait.*

The Count and I have become quite friendly since he took me in charge yesterday. He commanded the French Guard at the palace on the 10th of August — his accounts of the affair are most interesting. I asked him, if, in his opinion, the King could have crushed the revolution if he had placed himself at the head of the Swiss and other faithful troops. He shook his head. "It might have been ; there was every chance of it succeeding. Even if the King had trusted Dumouriez, all would have been well, but the King was weak, pitifully weak. Poor Louis, he was an honest man, but the hand of fate was against him. There was nought for him but to die as a King should."

"I cannot see," I said, "how you bear yourself so calmly amid such scenes as these about us, for you always appear gay as if there was nought but

happiness in the world." He looked at me keenly, and an amused smile lighted up his features. "My dear Marquis," he said, placing his arm in mine, as we began to walk toward the end of the room. "A man should forget himself in times like these, and live only for others. I have faced death too often in the service of my king to fear it now when I am in the service of my fellowmen. There are frail girls and weak women here, and I strive to make them forget there is such a thing as to-morrow, but teach them to live only in the present. And they are willing to laugh at anything, that they may forget to weep." He is a true and noble man, this Count; if I were a Christian I would say "God bless him."

After the play last night I danced the minuet with the little girl I spoke of in yesterday's entry. Her name is Amiée Dumont, and she is of Provence.

"Monsieur," she said, when we had taken our place for the dance, "you are from Provence, are you not?" "I have that pleasure," I replied. "And may I ask if you are a relation of Richard Lamoutte?" "We are one and the same person." Her eyes met mine and I saw in them a look almost of hate, and certainly full of scorn. She lowered them immediately, and said sarcastically, "I have heard of you before." "You might add that you have never heard any good of me; that would have been nearer what you really meant." "I have heard, Monsieur, that you took advantage of the laws — and that only recently. It was a

cruel thing to do and one that has caused much bloodshed and hatred in this poor country."

She had continued to keep her eyes upon the floor, but suddenly looking up into my face added, "I hope they slandered you, Monsieur." I meant to say they did, but those deep eyes fixed full upon me, made me hesitate. "Alas, Mademoiselle, it is but too true." "And did you tell the starving people who came to you, that you cared not whether they lived or died as long as they payed the *taille ;* I heard this told of you, too." I had recovered myself somewhat, and answered meekly as if I were one bitterly wronged :

"In that, they slandered me. I was sorry to see them dying, but what could I do? They hated and would not trust me; I did all in my power, and yet they would have torn me to pieces last year had I not escaped."

She folded her hands before her, and leaned forward with upturned face as if interested. "Why, then, did you return if you were in safety?" she asked.

My voice trembled at the memory of that dreadful scene at Rouen, and she noticed it, for she looked at me as if astonished at my show of feeling, and her face seemed kindlier.

"I had a brother who was in their hands. I came back to save him, to give myself if need be to their vengeance if they would spare him." "And you saw him?" "He was dead, Mademoiselle, I had come too late."

Just then the dancing began, but I noticed that

she kept glancing at me continually throughout the dance. After we had finished she bade me good night without another word, and went down to the other end of the corridor, singing the old royalist refrain, "O Richard, O mon Roi, l'universe 'ti abandonne."

September 20th.

O sleep, thou that comest to us all in the silence of the night, bearing to the heart weary of toil and of vain struggles a certain rest and quiet from daily temptations, thou that art a sign and promise of a deeper and everlasting peace that shall be ours when the curtain falls upon the comedy of our vanity and folly, how hast thou betrayed me? Through all the night hast thou been summoning before me the phantoms of past misdeeds, and hast awaked to resurrection the voice of a conscience long slumbering. But yet there has been this alleviation for thy betrayal; for through the blackness of these voiceless shadows thy face, O Amiée, shines upon me, and I hear your voice singing softly, "O, Richard, O mon Roi."

Restless and unstrung, I could not sleep last night, so I walked up and down the room to rid myself of this vague feeling of unrest. I had been walking perhaps half an hour when, as I approached the lower end of the hall, I heard some one call me. Turning around, I found myself face to face with Mademoiselle.

"You are restless to-night, Monsieur, or is it the cold?" "The cold, surely — are you suffering from the same cause?"

She looked down shyly and her voice was very grave when she answered, "Yes, Monsieur, but a little nervous, too. You know I go to-morrow."

I nodded thoughtfully. She sat down on the bench just under the window and motioned me to sit beside her.

"May I ask you a question, Monsieur?"

"Whatever you wish."

She leaned forward resting her head on her hand.

"Have you any brothers or sisters or parents living, Monsieur?"

"No, they are all dead." "And have you no wife nor children who will miss you?" "No, I am alone, there will be few to care, thank God."

She looked up suddenly, her hand on my knee.

"Hush, Monsieur! That word is never spoken here but in jest"; her voice grew wistful, I thought, from eagerness. "Are you a Christian, Monsieur, may I ask?" "No, Mademoiselle," I replied. "I am so sorry." Her voice quivered, seemed almost sad.

"Will you over there on the bench keep still? Pity a man can't sleep in peace and the last night, too. Go to sleep, you, or keep still."

It was the querulous voice of old Hulot, the farmer-general, one of the morrow's victims. We spoke no more, but sat silent, waiting for daylight. Only once she leaned over and whispered:

"Monsieur, you will forgive me for what I said the other night? I am sorry."

I pressed her hand gently, and we both were

still. A little later she fell asleep, her head sinking upon my shoulder. I took off my coat and wrapped it around her, then leaned back against the wall, to wait for the dawn. To-morrow, thought I, looking down upon that fair, sweet face, she will be far from here. She will have reached the goal. The voice of some one speaking aroused me ; it was the Count. He, too, was restless.

"So Cupid has squeezed in even here," he said gallantly, placing his hand over his heart, bowing mockingly to me. "She is asleep," I said, "speak softly." He came a little nearer and looked down into her face. There was a real kindness and tenderness in his voice when he again spoke. "Poor little girl ! How much the Republic would suffer if she lived. Don't move," he said as I shifted my position, "let her sleep ; the time flies swifter and the agony of suspense will be the shorter. She goes to-morrow, does she not ?" I nodded. "By the way," he added, "I shall have the pleasure of your company the day after. The jailer told me last night." He bent over and kissed her hand like the old chevalier that he was, and with a "Bon soir, Monsieur," he turned and walked away.

The night seemed very long. I dared not move lest I should wake her, so I sat still and waited. Her fair young head, with its wealth of long, brown hair rested quietly on my shoulder, her breath came regular and soft.

It must have been almost morning when she awoke. "Have you been awake all night?" she said, looking up into my face. "Yes." "And you

are shivering with cold, and have wrapped me in your cloak to keep me warm ; you are very kind. I can never repay you." "You owe me just one thing," I replied, "you will let me kiss you." She smiled and hesitated. "Monsieur, you may, just once."

It was eight o'clock when the jailer came in and called out the names of those set apart for the day. I stood beside her when her name was read, and she never winced. There was the usual silent grasp of the hand as friend parted from friend ; sometimes a last kiss was given and taken as they went to their places against the wall.

She came back to me when she had gone the rounds. "It is time to say good bye," she said.

I nodded, not daring to trust my voice.

She looked full in my face when I did not answer. She must have read my thoughts. "Did you care for me so much?" There was a pause—

"Monsieur, you may kiss me just once more."

There was the rumbling of the tumbrils in the court below, the harsh, monotonous voice of the jailer calling out the names of the doomed as they passed separately through the gate. A last lingering pressure of the hand and she goes. The heavy gate swung back upon its hinges, and I see her no more, shall never see her again in all this world, never. The tumbrils creak and rumble as they pass through the street. I listen until the rumbling dies away in the distance.

This to Eugene Saint Aubert of Coblentz by the jailer, Fourmaire. Let him be rewarded.

George Willis Ellis.

"Pity the Blind."

I.

THEY are crying their mellow wares, the swarthy fruit venders, carelessly swaying under huge baskets, gushing over with great clusters of purple and amber, amid tawny oranges and mandarines that glow like gold — pale gold and dusky gold — in the chill, keen air of red autumn.

By the gray, foot-worn steps of the cathedral of the Holy Name and our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, a shriveled, white-haired, old beggar, grinding out a lawless fanfare on his discordant instrument, lifts his sightless eyeballs to a cold, smiling sky, and cries, in a cracked, monotonous voice, "For the sake of Our Lady, pity the blind!"

Along the long promenade rolls the slow surge of glistening carriages; imperturbable coachmen in front; discreet lackeys behind.

Here, crushing soft, violet-scented cushions, muffled in splendor of fur, and glow of velvet, drive those whom the world envies rancorously, and loves well — and beneath those masks with the painted smile, lurk features that are jaded with the weariness of ever same days, and distorted

with pride, avarice, and the other five of the seven sins that are deadly.

On the doors of deep-paneled ebony, are emblazoned, here the gold coronet of a fat English duchess, in red; there, a gilt cupid, the significant emblem of Lola, the commedienne; and now the proud arms of the cadaverous, painted, old Marquis of Montbazon sweep disdainfully by.

In yonder carriage with the saffron-hued liveries, drawn by the black horses that fret beneath the soft jangle of their silver trappings, drives the young son and heir of that feeble old dotard — His Grace of Coela-Ferriers. By his side a woman in black sable, the languid insolence of whose flaming beauty dismays.

Then the carriage passes on, and a vision of a scarlet smile, half hidden under a film of veil, lingers behind.

Far out, the indolent, sleepy sea sparkles like the tremulous sapphires on the white, fluttering throat of a prima donna; nearer, it rolls shoreward in long, lazy, undulating swells that break, and laps against the crumbling, gray pier, softly, like the crafty purr of a demure, fierce beast.

II.

On the broad, white pavement, ragged, dusky-eyed peasant boys, with bare, brown legs, and naked, sun-bronzed chests, are shrilly crying their fragrant merchandise; their big baskets heaped high with the sullen purple of violets and the crim-

son of roses that glow like smouldering coals in the crisp, sharp air of the early spring-time.

By the gray, foot-worn steps of the Cathedral of the Holy Name and Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, a shriveled, white-haired old beggar, grinding out a monotonous air on his wheezy instrument, lifts his dead eyeballs to a cold, smiling sky, and cries, in a cracked, feeble voice, "For the love of Our Lady, pity the blind!"

Along the long promenade, rolls the same slow surge of glistening carriages; but the fat English duchess in red is missing; Lola no longer drives; deeper furrows mar the youthful pink of the old Marquis of Montbazon's cheeks; and sleek grays now draw the carriage in which the young Duke of Coela-Ferriers — coachman and lackeys decorously liveried in demure gray — sits, with an air of chastened resignation, by the side of his young bride, a slim girl with steady gray eyes.

"The Coela-Ferriers has sown his wild oats. They say that three years ago he — Holy Mother! what was that?"

Out from the turmoil of the paved street rings a woman's cry; and then, the inevitable crush of the indifferently curious. A woman, haggard and worn, in shabby sables, lies upon the stone pavement. The indignant grays are brought to a halt by the gathering throng.

Then the woman rises, hurries swiftly into the parting crowd and is lost. The curiously indifferent go on their several ways; the episode is over; and the restive grays once more prance on to the soft jangle of their silver trappings.

His Grace of Coela-Ferriers yawns just a little behind a perfectly gloved hand; deliberately removes his glass, and then remarks: "Only a swoon, my love. The crowd, perhaps; or," he adds reflectively, "the woman may have been drinking."

III.

Into those sparkling waters the suicide leapt. Beneath their laughing waves her wan face lies with dead, upturned eyes, that once mirrored the love of his own.

Her last sin committed, her last temptation victorious, she has found at the last — it may be — rest.

Still, along the long promenade, the eternal surge of carriages rolls, and there, by the gray, foot-worn steps of the Cathedral of the Holy Name and Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, the shriveled, white-haired old beggar, grinding out a dreary waltz on his wailing instrument, lifts his unseeing eyes to a pitiless, smiling sky, and plaintively cries — as her dumb, dead lips cannot cry — "For the love of Our Lady, pity the blind!"

Far out, the indolent, sleepy sea sparkles like the tremulous sapphires on the white, fluttering throat of the prima donna; nearer, it rolls shoreward in long, lazy, undulating swells that break, and laps against the crumbling, gray pier, softly, like the contented purr of a sly, fierce beast.

Arthur Leslie Green.

A Marsh Flower.

I.

THE August sun made the clear waters of the lower Cocheco look invitingly cool. The marsh grass along the shores rustled in the breeze, and a sea crow, which had been dreaming on the top of a long spar-buoy, took flight with a hoarse croak. It was not the coming of one of the three-masted schooners that were sometimes towed up the river, like bound captives from the ocean, that had disturbed him. The only craft in sight was a white canvas canoe with paddle blades alternately glancing in the sun. The man in the canoe might have been thirty, or possibly not more than twenty-five.

Robert Vaughn, or Bob, as his college chums, whom he had left at camp two days before, would have called him, would doubtless have been described by a newspaper reporter as a "*littérateur*." He had taken his Ph.D. at an American University, and had studied in Berlin. There had lately been some talk among his friends that a tutorship would be offered him. But this morning he thought little of rank or degrees. The exhilaration of the morning's paddle, and the ever-shifting aspect of the farms along the river side, as the tide

bore on his little craft, had routed all these thoughts from his mind, and left it clear as the paper on which he planned to write a story of camp life. He often planned these stories, but usually his friends, Brown or Honson, wrote them. They would be so much in Brown's or Honson's style, he thought.

A light breeze began to draw down the river, and he spread his sail. In the middle of the stream a schooner was lying at anchor, her tall spars and rigging reflected in the water. No life was visible on board. Attracted by the stillness of the vessel, Vaughn steered close under her bow and along the side. Too late he sees a stern line stretching out across the water. The frail mast snaps across it and he is thrown into the tide. When he makes his appearance again, sputtering and altogether disgusted, he sees his canoe cheerfully drifting down stream, keel upwards. He looks at the quiet schooner, and then, with a muttered imprecation, strikes out toward the store. The river is wide, and it is no small task to swim the distance in clinging clothes. As he gains the shallow water, he notices a figure standing on the bank evidently interested in his safety. He flounders ashore, festooned with long streamers of cel-grass, to be accosted by a tall girl with rather a serious face, but with eyes that almost tempt him to say something pretty about Hero and Leander.

"I hope, sir, you are not hurt; you must come up to the house. Mother will be glad to find some dry clothes for you."

Vaughn could only mutter something about "very kind — must secure his canoe." But just then he sees that some farm hands have taken the runaway in hand, and, as he feels disagreeably wet and faint, he is glad to follow the girl up the bank.

The house was some distance back on the high bank. On the flat rock that served as a doorstep stood a motherly-looking little woman, shading her eyes with her hand, as she watched the approach of her daughter with the stranger.

"What has happened, Mary?" she asked.

"Only a slight ducking, I assure you, madam," interrupted Vaughn, "and your daughter was so kind as to offer me your hospitality."

II.

Vaughn's reception had been so cordial, his surroundings so pleasant at the old farmhouse, that he had sought to prolong his stay.

Mrs. Saunders needed no extra inducements to persuade her to harbor a man who she imagined looked like her dead son. And good Farmer Saunders was not averse to so pleasant a companion as Vaughn proved.

Of Mary Saunders he had seen much, yet she she had seemed to hold him at a distance in all their talks, and he had never felt that he quite understood her. She was a woman of cultivation, and of keen appreciation of the natural beauties that surrounded her home. His first intimation of her attainments had been the finding of a collec-

tion of excellent novels in the "clock-room." "The Marble Faun," "Off the Skelligs," "Pendennis," and Miss Jewett's "Marsh Island" had been among the well-worn volumes. Since then he had had many pleasant talks with her on literary subjects. On the last two Sundays she had driven him to the little rubble stone church in the market town. These services, with Mary Saunders sitting in the pew by his side, had been such as Vaughn would not soon forget. Once he had rowed her, in her own small boat, up one of the branches of the river to call on a friend in the village there, and twice she had been out with him in his canoe at sunset. He became strangely attached to her quiet ways, and had even wondered if there was any probability of his falling in love.

This afternoon they were sitting together on the seat that had been built by the old poplar on the bank. She was sketching the brickyard, with a kiln of red bricks, on the opposite shore. He held a book in his hand, but had not been reading for some time. The old poplar under which they sat, standing alone on a prominent point of the bank, had been called by the river men "the widow." Vaughn looked up at its gnarled old trunk and then down at the fair young woman busily painting at his side. Her hair was golden brown, and this afternoon Vaughn thought she had arranged it in a particularly becoming manner. She wore a white muslin dress, and had fastened a bunch of red poppies at her belt.

"Couldn't you write a book about the river,

Mr. Vaughn, that I could illustrate?" she said, looking up from her sketch.

"I did think something of it, I admit, but since I have read your copy of 'Marsh Island,' I have made up my mind that the laureateship of the region isn't vacant."

"I don't like 'Marsh Island' very well," she responded quickly, and then checked herself, as if she had said more than she intended.

"Why not?" inquired Vaughn, looking hard at the expressive eyes, half hid by the drooping lashes, and at the blush that would come.

"I don't think Dorris Owen would have enjoyed life with the ship's blacksmith. Why couldn't she have married the artist?"

And what was there to prevent him, Robert Vaughn, from marrying her? The brickyard across the river grew indistinct. Should he speak? Might this beautiful woman be his for the asking? He hesitated, and the opportunity slipped away.

Mary Saunders gathered her brushes, and, saying that her mother expected her to get tea that evening, left him to his thoughts.

A pleasure launch was passing at the time, and he heard the passengers laugh merrily.

III.

Vaughn could not make up his mind to leave the farm until long after the marsh hay had been cut, and the marshes had taken on the yellow autumnal color, contrasting forcibly with the strips

of blue water at high tide. Finally a letter came, offering him a tutorship, and he must go. He had parted with the good farmer and his wife at the door rock by which he had been so hospitably received, and had begged Mary to walk with him to the shore.

An awkward silence had seemed likely to ensue, and by way of averting it, he remarked:

"It is over a month since I was so unceremoniously unhorsed at your door."

"I am sure you have proved a very dutiful knight," she answered.

"And will my lady not give me some token before I go again into the fight?" he asked.

She quickly removed a spray of late golden rod from her hair and gave it to him.

At the old poplar he held out his hand to bid her good-bye; their eyes met, and the old feeling of uncertainty seized him. Wild thoughts chased each other through his mind as she returned the firm pressure of his hand. No! He would go. He turned rather abruptly and went toward his canoe. As he prepared to start, she stood watching him. She held her handkerchief in her hand; was it to wave a last farewell?

The tide was high and the afternoon sun shone down into the clear water, revealing the sandy bottom, and an occasional cunner darting out from the seaweed. A "gundolo," with its triangular sail, was moving slowly up the stream. Vaughn paddled out through the eelgrass that bent before the bow of the canoe, to the blue water beyond.

But why should he go? What is he going to? What is he leaving? He will not go. He turns in his seat, but Mary Saunders has turned toward the high house, and the old tree hides her from his sight. The bank covered with dry grass looks desolate. Ah! If she had waited but one moment longer. He forces the paddle blades deep into the water, and the canoe moves easily forward, increasing the distance between them.

When she looks back again, the little craft is far down the river. She does not go at once into the house. CHARLES ALBERT HORNE.

The Sea Spiders.

NIGHT had flown over the sea on the tremulous wings of a bat.

A murmur arose from the waters, a murmur as of wind through the forest or the sighing of sorrowful souls; and the heavy waves rose and fell like the breast of one who weeps.

And now as the moon climbed higher and marked its pallid path on the ocean, the Spiders of the Sea began their journey of the night.

Out of the horrid hollows of the waves they crept and, swarming into the moon's bright track, darted hither and thither and scrambled over the waters—the Sea Spiders with bodies of silver and opal.

From the spot where a tall ship had foundered came floating the body of a maiden, adrift on the careless, cruel waves, adrift in the night and the sea. She is borne into the bright track of the moon and the spiders swarm over her. Over the fair, floating hair they crawl, and over the wan, sunken eyes, over the shoulder, over the breasts—the Sea Spiders, with bodies of silver and opal.

But when the moon sits shuddering on the sea in the west, the bloated bodies of the spiders burst and the moon drinks their blood—the blood of the obscene Sea Spiders, the spiders whose bodies are opal and silver.

ARTHUR LESLIE GREEN.

Pierre's Return.

I.

FAR in the sunny south, by the sea there is a vineyard, set like a green emerald in a ring of gold.

For all about are golden fields, where dull, toiling oxen plod beneath curved yokes; and gleaming scythes cut sweeping swathes through yellow waves of wine-swayed grain.

Overhead, in the blue sky, slow, silver swallows chase and follow the lazy white clouds through all the languid summer's drowsy days.

Amid the gnarled and distorted vines of the old vineyard, bare-headed, sun-bronzed peasant girls are at work, plucking from under the green leaves the great clusters of purple or amber that hide there.

Among the stooping figures, one — with hair yellow like the grain yonder, and eyes as blue as the sky above — stands erect, and shading her eyes with a hand kissed brown by an August sun, gazes, longingly, far out at the silver streak that divides the blue of the sky from the blue of the sea.

"Only a little day, and he will return, my

Pierre, to bear me back to the far new land where he has toiled so long to earn the home."

"Only a day," she murmurs, and wearily stoops again to her toil.

And far away a slow bell chimes, lazily, the lagging hours.

II.

In the hush of the short, southern twilight, from the gray, crumbling tower of a vine-swathed church, encircled by brown fields in which the yellow sheaves stand thick, a slow bell tolls drearily.

Yonder, on a sea of quivering silver, floats a slender ship, its white wings stained scarlet by the sullen glow of the smouldering west.

Overhead, in the violet air, slow gray swallows are hovering.

Through the peace and the silence of the quiet country a long, slow train of sun-bronzed peasants weepingly follow the dull, plodding oxen as they drag slowly, slowly over bright flowers and beneath a smiling sky, a grim, creaking chariot with sable plumes nodding gruesomely.

Pierre has returned.

ARTHUR LESLIE GREEN.

A Deceptive Dinner.

LEM came up to the back porch to deliver a note from "Marse Adams," my neighbor on the River Road. Lem was a darkey of the old school, a "gentleman's gentleman" before the war, and he had that quiet air of politeness about him that is conspicuously absent in the younger generation of his race—a politeness peculiarly pleasant and conveying a sort of dignity with it which, in spite of rags and tatters, gains its meed of respect and esteem from all, from none more than the older class of whites, who taught Lem and his fellows that very lesson.

The old man stood there, hat in hand, while I read my note. It was the day after Thanksgiving, bleak and raw; and the wind whipped the long tails of his aged coat—former property of the aforesaid Marse Adams—about his legs, played with his whitening hair and snatched at the faded hat. I have spoken of him as old, yet in reality he was only upon the border of that last, great period of life, and had not yet attained to the dignified title of "Uncle," which distinctly marks a certain advanced stage of age and infirmities. He tucked the note containing my reply into one pocket, the small coin that accompanied

it into another, and with an elaborate bow and hearty "Thankee, sah," prepared to return.

"Hope you had a good dinner Thanksgiving Day, Lem," I ventured as a parting remark. The next moment I was sorry I had spoken, for a peculiar melancholy crept over Lem's face; he shrugged his shoulders and then let them hang in a dejected manner; his head declined; his whole attitude showed that I had struck a tender subject. "No, sah," he said in a peculiarly grave and earnest tone. "It wuz a mighty po' dinnah, sah." Then seeing the look of inquiry in my face, he sidled slowly behind a projecting angle of the house out of the wind, scratching his head thoughtfully as he did so, a certain sign that he had a story to tell and was anxious to tell it. The day after Thanksgiving is always a dull one, and I was ready for any diversion, so I signified my curiosity to learn the details of the matter, and he related them accordingly.

"Seems to me I nevah had sich luck befo' in my life, Marse Harry, and the' wa'n't nobody to blame but jis' myse'f. Ef I hadn't been sich an ole fool 'twould a been all right. Dat's w'at makes it seem wus 'en anything else, sah. Long's I've hunted possums to hev dat possum fool me dat a way! It wuz a mighty big possum, too, Marse Harry; seems to me I nevah did see sich a big possum befo'. I done cotch him in de big fiel' down back o' ole Mis' Grange's co'n house. One o' my dogs done put 'im up a big tree—you remembah dat yaller dog Jim o' mine, Marse

Harry, de one wid mos' o' his left eah chawed off and de mark on his nose 'cause he fight so much. Dah de possum wuz a settin' up in a croth tryin' to hide hisse'f, an' Jim a racin' an' tearin' an' ba'kin' 'roun' at de bottom o' de tree like he wuz crazy. My oldes' boy, Pete, wuz wid me. He's a wu'fless, good-fo-nothin' sort o' boy ge'nally, but he's mighty spry at climbin' trees, so he 'low to me, 'Daddy, you jis' take you stick an' hit the possum on de haid w'en I shake him down' —I 'spect he wan' to show off befo' his po' ole dad. So he clim' up de tree and bimeby down came Mistah Possum haid ovah heels, an' I hit 'im ovah de haid, hahd as I could, and dar he lay jis' as quiet as a log, so I 'spose' he wuz daid. Pete he had a bag of sweet potatoes a cyahyin' from ole Mis' Grange's, but dey wuz enough room in de bag for de possum, so we put 'im in and tote him home.

"My lan', wasn' my ole 'oman 'sprise' to see dat possum! We done put him on de table an' her an' de chil'n jis' clap dey han's an' shout. De possum lay dah wid his legs stickin' up in de aih jis' as quiet—deh ain no use tellin' me dat possum wa'n daid, Marse Harry, I jis' *know* he wuz? Pretty soon Pete an' me wen' out an' de ole 'oman begin a mixin' up stuffin', bread crus' an' onions an' some sage—Marse Harry, you' wife 'low deh ain' no bettah cook in dis county den Lucy. She doan' wan' no fuss when she's wukin', so she jis' made all de chil'n get out do's, an' when she done mixed de stuffin' she put it in a pan on de table by de possum. She had a hot fiah going' and hoisted

de windah 'cause it waz so wa'm. Den she got de butcher knife down off de shelf to clean de possum wid. She woan nevah clean nothin' widout the knife's sha'p as a razah, an' so she took it out to de grin' stone, side o' de house, to sha'pen it.

"Me an' Pete was a cuttin' wood down by de cowpen. Pete 'low to me, 'Daddy, deah ain' nothin' so nice as possum, is deh?' 'No, chile, deh ain',' 'low I. 'When its got lots o' gravy an' stuffin',' 'low Pete, 'an' sweet potatoes all roun' it in de bottom o' de pan!' 'Yes, indeed, chile,' I 'low. Pete he chopped a little w'ile, den he said, 'Daddy, 'deed dat's de fates' possum I evah seen sence I was bohn. Woan' he smell nice w'en you ca've him?' My mouf wuz waterin' so I could'n' stan' it. I jis' 'low, 'You good-for-nuffin' niggah, w'y doan you chop dat wood 'stid o' gassin' so much. Doan you open yo' haid agin till you finish dat pile o' wood.' Jis' den dey wuz de awfules' yellin' up at de house. 'My lan', Daddy, what's dat?' Pete cry. De yellin' kep' a gittin' louder 'n louder, an' den we bof took off an' ran hahd as we could tear; and when we got deh po' Lucy and de chil'n wuz cryin' an' hollerin', hollerin' an' cryin': 'De possum's gone! De possum's gone!' Sho' enuf it had. While Lucy was a sha'penin' de knife de possum done come to life an' took hisse'f outen de windah. But dat wuz a mighty cute possum, Marse Harry, foh w'en we look in de pan de stuffin' wuz gone too! De possum done eat it all up befo' he wen'—he done stuff hisse'f!"

Robert Tongue.

The Philosophy of an Old Pipe.

I AM a gray-haired physician sitting in my study after a long night ride, smoking an old pipe of mine. The room has the old bachelor aspect, with deep set, red curtained windows, and a professional looking desk in one corner. Strewn everywhere is a motley library, arranged in a wondrous disorder that no hand but mine can unravel. There is an open fire-place, some rare engravings, and Father Time in the shape of an old clock ticks softly from the mantel-piece. My pipe turned up just now from a heap of old rubbish. It is short, made of some dark wood, with the bowl carved into a human face with a hooked nose. What a rush of memories came over me as I looked at the worn-out object. It has carried me back to a reverie of thirty years ago, yes, to the very day when it struck my fancy and I bought it. My thoughts flew back even to the days of childhood, its little disappointments, its doubts and fears and hopes that seemed so large. It is idle to think of them now; rather I will recall from the past my college days over a quarter of a century ago. Then I was an enthusiast, more intense than most of my class, eager for the fray with the world, and looking forward in a vague sort of way to its end.

I had plotted it all out in my busy college life, and it read like a romance, with trial in the beginning, but soon, very soon, the last chapter with its happy end. I saw very little desert with a great deal of mirage in my future, though then I did not know it was mirage.

I had a burning ambition to be great. I remember it well, as I smoke my pipe. It has gone where this smoke is going, and where my youth has gone. The pretty story of the historic heroes I was to rival proved but a fable. I remember well the day that the cruel fact was thrust upon me that I was but one of the common crowd. It seemed a stifling of my individuality to be let down among them from an aërial platform of my own making. There is nothing so bright as the quick play of the young imagination. When one is lowered to the miserable level of mediocrity, it can never sparkle again.

But we forget, and the second act of our lives is soon upon us. How quickly the fire glows and then dies away in dull, gray ashes. Really, my pipe is a work of art. The hand that fashioned it must have had the true artist's inspiration. The cynical face of that old man is the artist's conception of the man of the world or what the world had made of a man. He has been through it all, and his dim eyes see where mine are blind. For everything, he has that wicked, knowing, sneering look. He has seen scapegraces dodge the bailiff, and has smiled at them; unmoved, he has seen young prodigals casting their pearls before swine. He

has seen fair maidens sell themselves for gold, and has shut his eyes. I can imagine the poor sculptor, after devoting his life to molding Madonnas, angels, Minervas, and forms of all kinds of beauty and being, unrequited by a selfish world, to have carved this old man in despite as an image of moral perversion and satiety. Before, I have always repulsed this view of life. Perhaps it would have been better if I had not. But something impelled me. In after life, I have often wondered what that was; and it seemed to me that it was better to fail than to believe the world a mockery, as the old man does, and that there was a certain love that covered up all disappointments and sorrows.

I remember well, as I sit smoking here, the time when I threw myself into work. I could not be a world-wide hero, but there was still much for me to gain. The prize could not be far off, and if I were willing to work it would come soon. I could see the glittering objects of my fancy not far ahead, and I knew they would be easy to reach. I pressed on feverishly for a while, but the glitter of those prizes grew no brighter. I am fifty years old, and the prizes are little nearer now.

But I would have cared nothing for material things could I have had my one ideal desire. The ethereal fancies of life are most powerful with us. In the fairy tale, Prince Beaufort first slays the dragon and then kneels at the feet of the Princess Beauxyeux. I had not slain the mythical dragon, but there was still the Princess Beauxyeux. The

princess of my fancy seemed to me a true woman. But let me not recall the long story of my love and disappointment. It is too painful even now.

These memories and many more are drawn out by the smoke of this historic pipe. The ghosts of broken faiths, lost hopes, and buried loves come crowding around me. To think that a pipe should have such potency! "Ah! who of us is happy in this world?" Thackeray says. There is always something left undone that might have been done. We can never quite reach the shore of a paradise on earth.

But the light of the hearth is dying, the dawn is breaking, and my pipe has gone out. And after all, when the smoke wreaths of our fancies here have vanished, who knows what dawn will break? It is so unreal, so unsatisfying, this life of ours. We long to see things as they are, to grasp the eternal truths and see the eternal beauty. And when discouraged by our failures, disheartened by our weakness, is it wholly wrong to hope, however unreasonably, that the future will be bright, and to trust, however blindly, in honor and virtue and right conquering in the end?

James Birckhead Birckhead.

An Apologue of Pessimism.

THE Sultan was plunged in profound gloom. The empire was tranquil, for the Western nations had not begun to lend it money nor to trouble it with the absurd ideas of our Western civilization. Religion was perfectly orthodox. Every morning and evening the Muezzin called the faithful to prayers, and multitudes prostrated themselves on the stone pavements with their faces towards the Holy City. The palace was a "stately pleasure-dome," gorgeous with brilliant marble, and surrounded by shady courts. The Sultan was young and the Sultana was beautiful. He was all powerful. To wish was to command and to command was to be obeyed. But yet the Sultan was not happy. He moved about in the courts alone, or sat by the fountains engaged in thoughts that were not pleasant. He looked on the most famous and graceful of the dancing girls with lack-lustre eyes. The poet, who could relate tales so interesting that his hearers almost forgot to breathe, failed to hold his attention. He ceased to take pleasure even in his favorite horse, who could rival the swallow's flight in swiftness.

The Grand Vizier, Mahammed Baba, and the master of the palace, Hassan Ben Adem, consulted together. "Of a surety," said they, "some evil djin has possession of the commander of the faithful, for he speaks strange things which no man can answer, and his eyes are continually cast down to the ground." And the news went over the whole city that some evil spirit escaped from Eblis, had entered into the heart of the Sultan.

Then the Vizier sought audience of the Sultan and prostrated himself nine times and said, "Deign to listen to the humblest of thy slaves, O Light of the World."

And the Sultan said, "Speak."

Then the Vizier said, "Thy slaves would fain know why thou to whom the world belongs art sad, O Successor of the Prophet and lord of the east."

Then the Sultan raised his eyes and said: "Know then, that to me, for some time the world seems evil and ruled by an evil God. My father gained the throne by the murder of his brothers, and always he who does wrong receives honor and praise. I see the just man everywhere forsaken and his children sold for slaves. Are not the merchants rich who give false weight, and is not the righteous man a beggar by the wayside, spurned out of the path by the hypocrite whom he benefited? Is there anything stronger than the greed of man, except his lust? To seek for happiness is ignoble, since it is fruitless, and all things turn to ashes in the hand. Therefore, I am sad, for the

world is evidently an evil world, and made for the pleasure of an evil God."

The Vizier answered, "These things are as they should be, O Lord of the Universe. There is a pleasure in fine raiment, and a greater pleasure in precious stones, and joy in a woman's beauty, and in the strength of a man's arms, and the wise man taketh all these things nor asketh whence they come, since he cannot carry them out of the world, for they belong to it. They are his who hath strength to get and skill to hold, and in the end Allah maketh all things well for the faithful."

Then the Sultan called to the chief Eunuch and said, "Let this man be taken to the executioner."

Afterwards, there came to the palace an ancient man, a stranger. His beard was white and reached below his waist, but his eyes were deep and bright like unfathomed wells. He remained standing before the master of the palace, for he was one of the sacred tribe who dwell apart on the interior mountains of Arabia, and have had the pure faith since long before the prophet gave it to the world. They look down on the Egyptians as new comers, and on the Jews as upstarts of yesterday. Compared with them, the Greeks have "neither knowledge of antiquity nor antiquity of knowledge," and they bow the head to no man except to the successor of the prophet. In his hand this one held a brazen horn, graven on the outside and on the inside with strange characters, and he demanded to be taken to the Sultan. When he was brought into the distant court where the Sultan

stood alone, he bowed his head, not with the slavish submission of a subject, but with the grace and courteous reverence of an equal saluting one of equal rank, and said :

"Tidings have been brought us of thy malady, O Successor of the Prophet, and we have known that it is that pain of the heart which comes to him who sees that the world is not good. So hath the heart of the wise man been tortured since the world began, for only the fool sayeth the world is good. But Allah has so framed the world that it is good to the man who knows the truth. Therefore, O Light of the East, this has been formed, and he who listens through it shall learn the secret of the world. For they who wrought it wrought with prayer and fasting, and uttered over it the sacred texts which have been handed down since the morning of creation, and the words of power have entered into its atoms while they were vibrating under the hammer. And they have engraved on it the two mighty names of Allah which are never spoken, and the characters which no man can read have power over the elements and compel the truth from the air. Therefore it is, that he who listens through this horn shall know all things and shall hear the harmony of the world. For to him who knows, the world is a harmony and not a discord.

Then the Sultan took the horn and put it to his ear, and he heard all the noises of the world and the beating of its slow heart like confused murmurs. But the beating of the world's heart was

rhythmical in its swell and fall, and the multitudinous sound of its voices was sweet like the noises one hears in a swoon. He heard the sounds of joy and peace, and at intervals the wailing sound of despair and pain and suffering, the sighs of the wounded on distant plains, the tremulous breath of the dying man and the recurring groan when a new soul is born into the world. Blended with these was a struggling chord, piercingly sweet and sad, and that was the note of life ; but it continually passed into the dominant chord which rose above it, triumphant, and that was the note of death.

Then the Sultan gave the horn back to the old man and said :

" It is, indeed, a harmony, but even sadder than the discord I thought it to be. The face of the world is bad, but far better than the hideous secret it hides in its heart. Increase of knowledge is but increase of pain. I do not wish to know the truth."

The wise man took the horn in silence and bent to the ground, for he felt that the Sultan was wiser than he.

From that hour the Sultan's gloom increased tenfold.

At a Bud German.

HE had looked in at the club early in the evening, but the crowd had gone to Jersey City, to see some prize fight, and, as there were only a few loungers in the smoking room, he went out and sauntered down town undecided where to go.

He had reached Thirty-Second street when it occurred to him that there was to be a bud german at Mrs. Van Rensselaer's that evening, and a few of the older set had been asked, himself included. He had almost forgotten it, having gone out rarely lately, from fear of meeting her. But to-night —. He turned and retraced his steps.

As he went up the steps of the Van Rensselaer mansion, he had planned his actions and even what he should say, for he had come in a forlorn hope of seeing her, or that something would happen.

He looked around the hall after speaking to Mrs. Van Rensselaer, but she was nowhere in sight. He walked through the rooms, and chatted with a few friends, and even danced with some of the buds, but not a sight of her, and he had no desire to ask questions.

He had had quite enough of it after half an hour, and determined to leave. There was

no more hope. It was ended for good, and all. He was a poor fool anyway. There was no need of dreaming any longer. He would go his own way as she had gone her's.

So he left the room, having done nothing he had planned to do, having said nothing he had thought to say. So like a man, foolish, unreasonable, an actor, fit enough to be the toy of a woman, who could have been so unjust.

There was a log fire in the open fireplace of the anteroom and the flickering flames cast into relief the figure of a girl seated on one of the divans, her white dress contrasting well with the green palms and ferns behind.

He was on his way down stairs, but when she laid her hand upon the divan and smiled kindly upon him, he went over and and sat beside her.

She surveyed him quietly and smiled knowingly to herself, for she knew men well, and divined he had something he was anxious to talk about.

She believed she knew just what it was, being also interested, and remained silent, knowing he would broach the subject himself.

When he looked up she was leaning back against the pillow of the divan watching Revels, who was going down stairs.

"I want to ask you something," he began after a few moments' conversation on commonplaces.

"Do you? What can it be?" She smiled at him with mock curiosity.

"It's about her."

"Oh," said she, "you mean" — then paused as if doubtful. "She's here to-night you know."

He nodded and waved his hand toward the other room. "They told me."

She rested her chin in her hand and regarded him thoughtfully.

"You must hate her," she said slowly, "you could never trust her again after what she has done." She waited a moment, watching him closely, but he sat motionless without answering, and she continued, "she would never be the same to you again, for you would be quick to judge and condemn her after this, and you could never feel as kindly toward her as before."

He leaned back and regarded her with a troubled look in his eyes, then shook his head. "I don't know. Do you think it would be that way?"

"I think it would."

He moved uncomfortably, and thrust his hands deep in his pockets, looking past and beyond her, but he felt she was watching him and wondered why.

"Do you think she is sorry, that she has ever regretted what she has done, that if it were to be done again she would — "

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Perhaps not. If she were, would you forgive her?"

He did not know how to answer, being troubled and perplexed. He arose and stood gazing thoughtfully at the blazing logs, without seeing

them. She understood, and let him fight it out with himself. She was too much a woman of the world to doubt how it would end, and sat quietly, waiting for him to speak. "If," said he, "a woman has been unjust to a man — and she must know it now after all this — time, is it not her place to tell him so?" She placed her hand to her head, and smiled at him. It was as she had believed it would be, his pride was making a last feeble stand before it yielded. "Yes, perhaps she is sorry. It's quite likely."

"But I don't know. Will you not tell me what you think? You must know something about it. Don't you?"

She had arisen and stood before him, one hand holding up the folds of her dress, the other straight down at her side, carelessly toying with her fan.

"Yes," said she, nodding to him, "I do. But I can tell you nothing. If a man loved me, I should expect him to do much, very much to spare me." She turned as if to leave, but paused. "She was down in the corridor a short time ago; Mr. Lansing has just gone into the supper room." She stepped aside and watched him go down stairs. "Ungrateful man," she thought to herself, "he didn't even thank me for the hint." Then she went in search of Lansing.

He was still doubtful as he went down. She had said little, and he had wished to hear so much. He took out his cigarette case as he went along, and determined to wait a little while in the smoking room before he went in search of her, though

he realized his time was short. Perhaps he would not seek her at all; it was hard to say what he would do.

He was half way down stairs before he noticed there was someone sitting a few steps below him, a tall, slender figure in white and lavender, a single white rose in the masses of her hair fastened by a silver dagger. He paused and rolled his cigarette mechanically between his fingers, then set his teeth and went on. He had determined to make no advances whatever, and stepped past her without a word, as if, in fact, he had not seen her sitting there.

When he reached the door of the smoking room, he looked back. A desire to see how she looked, to see if she had noticed who it was that had passed her, possessed him; it was an impulse that flashed upon him and gave him no time to decide wisely or calmly. Had the affair turned other than it did, he would have condemned himself, but it was well. With so frail a rod does fate turn us to happiness, or drive us to misery. At any rate, he looked as if for someone coming down the stairs behind her — such actors are we in our poor, selfish comedy — as if it were a stranger sitting on the stair.

She did not move, but sat calmly, without a trace of feeling in her face. The light in the hall was not over bright, but he could see her distinctly and felt she was watching him.

She made a motion with her hand, a little motion. She would have denied it. He denied that

he turned to look at her. It is immaterial. He found himself beside her. She did not arise, and her face seemed neither to welcome nor repel him. Such a mask can a woman wear.

He waited, but she did not move, only her great, dark eyes were on his face, making him lose calm control of himself. Such was her power over him. It was well she was a good woman ; a bad would have done the devil's work that night.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he spoke quietly, but his voice was full of trouble.

"What would you have me say?"

He leaned back against the wall, one hand in his pocket, the other stretched along the wainscoting. "Only what you can say truly and best."

She lowered her eyes. "Perhaps I ought," she said slowly, "but it is hard, sometimes, to say what one means without saying too much."

He waited a moment before replying, not understanding clearly. He felt he was making himself seem pitifully weak, and it piqued him. "I thought," said he, and he beat a tattoo with his fingers on the wainscoting, "you might be sorry for what has happened ; that if it were to be gone over again, you would not be so quick to condemn me ; that if it were brought back to the starting point, you would trust me a little more, and my enemies a little less." He waited a moment and then continued. "It has hurt me."

She made no motion of sympathy, and he added "somewhat." "I did not think it of you," he went on, "but," and he made a gesture with

his hand that seemed to include everyone, "they said that it made no difference to you; you weren't the one to care for a little thing like that."

"What did you say?" she asked, and he might have seen she was trembling, but he was looking down and did not notice.

"Nothing," he replied, and paused. "Yes, I believe I did say something; I said, 'Why should she?'"

She had turned from him, and was leaning back against the banisters, with her hands folded in her lap, looking away from him.

"You used to tell me," said she, and her voice was husky, "that a man should learn to brave the opinion of the world, and a woman to submit to it."

"Yes, I did; is it not true? A cynic once told me, that if a man did not smirch his reputation himself, some woman's tongue would do it for him, and his best friends would be the first to believe. I laughed at him then. He was wiser than I. He spoke truly."

Her lips trembled, and she held her hands before her face, that he might not see the pain he had caused her.

She was not acting now, and he saw his words had cut to the quick, and he could not see her suffer. "If you would forgive me," said he, as if he had forgotten that he should have been the one to forgive, "You will give me that rose from your hair; if not, we will say no more, for I will never ask you again."

She had recovered herself, and determined to take a little revenge for that speech that had stung her so plainly. She turned and smiled at him, but with her hands fixed the rose more firmly in her hair. The hope that had begun to dawn, died slowly out of his face and left it ashen. He thought she was but playing with him after all.

"Suppose," said she, "that I had promised it to Mr. Lansing, or, more probably, that I don't care to give it to you, what then?" and she looked at him with anxious eyes.

"What then?" he repeated after her, "why—"

She saw his face hardening, and the lines of his mouth deepen, and she spoke quickly.

"Suppose," said she, "it was the girl who should be forgiven, not the man; that she was sorry, very sorry for what had happened; that if he could trust her again she would never fail him, that if —" she paused and arose with her back to him.

He sprang toward her, but stopped short, for Lansing was coming down the stairs in search of her.

As he watched them go up together, he saw her gloved hand drop something over the banisters, that fluttered and fell on the floor beside him. It was a white rose with its stem broken, but he picked it up and placed it in his button-hole.

There were rumors at the club next day, and the report shared honors with the Jersey City incident for a week, and was then forgotten.

George William Ellis.

Through the Drop Curtain.

Scene: *One, anyone, say, for instance, the seventh of the popular Unity Cotillons with the usual adjuncts: Somnolent Chaperons, politely bored; Pretty Girls, and Girls Not Pretty — ingeniously vivacious; Animate Dress Suits in Athletic Poses. Likewise, the Argus-Eyed Drop-Curtain, the Orchestra, a Heterogeneous Collection of Tawdry Child's Toys, Etc., Etc.*

Time: *Just before the First Waltz.*

MISS *Swansdown*, [who, being in looks considerably above, and in intellect considerably below the average college belle, is correspondingly popular with Unity men] (*to her partner*) — I only regret, Mr. Swift, that your irrevocable decision that all is at an end between us, was not attained before you decided to honor me with this german, and that —

Mr. Swift (*smiling bitterly*) —My decision! Pardon me, Miss Swansdown, I am simply bending to your mandate as —

Miss Swansdown — Sir! Your cutting remarks in the carriage as well —

Mr. Frankinsense Murre (*running up, presents Miss Swansdown with a papier maché pig*) — Won't you honor me?

Miss Swansdown — Oh, thank you, Frank. (*They*

waltz.) Weren't you glad, now, when Lent was safely over?

Mr. Murre [who has a futurity of clerical aspirations] — Ah, no, Miss Swansdown, we surely miss the voluntary chapel which, through the provisions of an all wise —

Miss Swansdown (*interrupting*) — Ah, yes, but then, you have denied yourself so. No, no, don't deny it. Your pallor and the black rings under your eyes speak eloquently (*as they waltz into the obsolete May pole figure to the man on her right*). There, now, I appeal to Mr. Batt. Did not he fast, Mr. Batt?

Mr. Allnite Batt (*who loves to put his foot in it*) — Fast, well, rawthaw. Stein record for three years, you know.

[In his inculpating protestations, Mr. Murre succeeds in completely muddling the intricate figure, the subject of so much nocturnal thought.]

Mr. Duke Swellington (*who leads — semi-audibly*) —— —— —— ——!

[They return to Mr. Swift, who is the richer by a Japanese doll and an apathetic looking cotton stork, which Miss Swansdown observes, and her heart congeals.]

Mr. Murre — Won't you give me the intermission?

Miss Swansdown (*half glancing at her partner who is talking glibly with Miss Elva Langdon on his left*) — I'm sorry, but — but I've given it to Mr. Swift.

Mr. Swift (*whose smile freezes*) — I'm sure —

Miss Swansdown (*laughing nervously*) — See you again, Mr. Murre.

Mr. Swift — I'm sure I am quite.

[A large, athletic looking young man rushes up, trips, balances himself, and hurls into Miss Swansdown's lap a rubber lizard.]

Miss Swansdown — Ah, how do, Mr. Goal, nice time?

Mr. G. Fielding Goal [the young gentleman who says "yes, ma'am"] — Yes, ma'am.

Miss Swansdown (*as they lead out*) — Now, do you athletic gods ever enjoy anything as ethereal as a German?

Mr. Goal — Yes, ma'am.

Miss Swansdown — Now really. (*Sighing.*) You blasé men are so infatuating.

Mr. Goal (*radiantly*) — No, ma'am. It's you who are infatuating. How — how fragrant your violets are. "There's violets — they're for thoughts," you know.

Miss Swansdown — Oh, you are so very, very clever. The intermission? (*as they return.*) I'm sorry I've promised it. 'Evening.

[In the next round, they do not lead out, but Miss Enid Cardinall favors Mr. Swift with a red spotted jack in a blue striped box, then Mr. P. Crashington Pose glides up to Miss Swansdown. Oddly enough, he, too, has escaped being favored.]

Mr. Pose (*posing*) — Good evening, Miss Swansdown; our friend, Miss Cardinall, seems to be receiving considerable attention from George.

Miss Swansdown (*wincing*) — I — I hadn't noticed. Who is this Miss Cardinall?

Mr. Pose — What ! Not to know Miss Cardinall argues yourself unknown. But you can meet her at my olive tea to-morrow.

Miss Swansdown — Ah, yes, such a nice idea. Everybody will be there, I suppose.

Mr. Pose [who deals in idioms and phrases] — Yes, drastic recommendation that. However, I never cut anyone. (*As Mr. Swift returns.*) Ah, here is your delinquent gallant. I yield to a better.

[Mr. Swift and Miss Swansdown lead out separating at the first signal (six are usually required). Mr. Swift offers Miss Eva DuPois a red snake, and Miss Swansdown presents Mr. Digge among the stags, with a charming smile and a German beer mug.]

Miss Swansdown — And so, Mr. Digge, books aside, you revel in the dance ?

Mr. Grindely Digge (*of the Golden Key, poor thing*) — Yes, a brief respite, beloved metaphysics soon calls.

[They waltz, and Mr. Digge, after indulging in some barbaric evolutions, slips and falls upon the floor, which is as slippery as truth. He retires in confusion, leaving Miss Swansdown alone in the center of the hall.]

Mr. Swift (*hurrying up*) — Do let me take you to our seat.

Miss Swansdown (*melting*) — Thank you, George.

Mr. Swift — Phyllis, don't you think —

[At this stage, young Mr. Blazay presents Miss Swansdown with the devil, in the similitude of a small gray ape on a painted green stick.]

Mr. Blazay [surfeited of the world at nineteen] — Shan't we valse, Miss Phyllis ?

Miss Swansdown (*with a backward glance at Mr. Swift*) — Oh, thank you. Jolly cotillon.

Mr. Blazay (*with a shrug*) — Jolly! Jolly!! Bored to death, you know! Heavens! these abortive concoctions of satan —! Gad, you know! Can't imagine why I came, m'sure. Girls stupid. Tired of swim. Heavens, you know. Even frappée salted!

Miss Swansdown — Why *do* you endure us?

Mr. Blazay — Oh, you amuse me, you know. See right through you. Awful, though. 'Soir, you really can valse. (*Returns to his suffering partner.*)

Mr. Swift — Now, Phyllis, I want to —

Mr. Swellington (*who leaves*) — Lead out, George.

Mr. Swift (*as they polka*) — Don't you think that you — that we — I mean why is it? —

[Here the ebony signal of the leader, and Miss Swansdown rushes away to give a brown paper heart to Tableton Litt.]

Mr. Tableton Litt (*who writes accepted articles*) — Thanks so much.

Miss Swansdown — Oh, your last Bulletin Board was so good, Mr. Litt. Your sonnet "Maud's Long Black Flowing Locks," was divine.

Mr. Litt — You honor and flat —

[Here Mr. Mamothe Blawnde steps upon Miss Swansdown's diminutive toe, and Mr. Litt is obliged to assist her to her seat. With a broad grin Mr. Blawnde follows.]

Mr. Blawnde [who is often forgetful of the fact that the executive control of the planet Earth has

been assumed by an all wise providence] — Say, you see! I'm awfully sorry, really now, I am. I didn't see you, and then you know I only learned to dance last fall.

[Silence as Mr. Blawnde blushingly withdraws.

Then the orchestra, after a final shriek which dies into a discontented gurgle, becomes silent.

The various couples, taking advantage of the intermission, descend into the gymnasium below, where the men enter into detail concerning the apparatus and their own prowess, explaining at the same time how ill they were at the last exhibition.

The hall above is entirely deserted excepting by Mr. Swift and Miss Swansdown. The latter is beginning to recover from the effect of Mr. Blawnde's two hundred and thirteen pounds.]

Mr. Swift (*tenderly*) — I am really so sorry.

Miss Swansdown (*wickedly*) — Really?

Mr. Swift — Why, yes, of course I am.

Miss Swansdown — Yes?

Mr. Swift — Yes.

[Pause.]

Mr. Swift — } Are you? —
Miss Swansdown — } Did I? —

Miss Swansdown — Oh, pardon, Mr. Swift, what were you saying?

Mr. Swift — Excuse me, you were about to remark? —

Mr. Swift — } Oh, noth —
Miss Swansdown — }

Mr. Swift (*to himself*) — I half believe I care as much for her as ever. Jove, how sweet she looks

in that pink thing. Well, all her own fault. (*Sighs.*)

Miss Swansdown (*to herself*) — What a goose I am, I'll be really falling in love with him if I don't watch out. How handsome he is. Oh, I feel so miserable. (*Sighs.*)

Mr. Swift (*breaking pause*) — Mr. Pose seems quite attentive.

Miss Swansdown — Yes. To whom? I hadn't noticed. Miss Cardinall, perhaps?

Mr. Swift — I think you understand me.

Miss Swansdown — Why, no. What *do* you mean? Can't you explain with all your liberal education?

Mr. Swift — May I ask what you consider a liberal education?

Miss Swansdown (*with the wisdom of the serpent*) — Well, at Unity, a liberal education consists of eating in French, smoking in Spanish, and drinking in German.

Mr. Swift — May I ask how that applies to me?

Miss Swansdown — Oh, no, no. I never said that a liberal education applied to *you*, Mr. Swift.

[Pause.]

Mr. Swift — Really, Miss Swansdown, I don't see how you can have the face to flirt with a man like Pose.

Miss Swansdown (*laughing*) — Flirt with Mr. Pose! That's killing.

Mr. Swift — Oh, very well, laugh away. He will make a worthy successor.

Miss Swansdown (*innocently*) — Successor, to whom?

Mr. Swift — How easily and conveniently you forget.

Miss Swansdown — Forget? Forget whom?

Mr. Swift — Forget! Yes, I suppose you forget our ride home from the last assembly. You forget what you wrote when I had my arm broken. (*Bitterly*) You forget what you said when we walked home together in the snow storm. Oh, yes, you forget easily.

Miss Swansdown — Oh, stop, stop! You said I was to f-f-forget —

Mr. Swift — Yes, driven to it by you.

Miss Swansdown — Driven? Who said I was a merciless coquette!

Mr. Swift — And who said I was a conceited egotist?

Miss Swansdown (*frigidly*) — May I trouble you to t-t-take me t-t-to (*breaking*) — O George, I didn't think you could be so cruel. I thought — Oh, I know you never cared for m-m-me — but I'll — Oh, I'm so, so —

Mr. Swift — Phyllis, Phyllis, don't, dear. I never meant, Oh, don't you see how I love you? There! there! and there!

Miss Swansdown — O, George. Don't. Well, if — Don't. There, I'm sure I saw that curtain move. One more then.

Mr. Swift — Do forgive me, darling. It was all, *all* my fault.

Miss Swansdown — Oh, no. It was all mine. I

was so afraid I should lose you, and, and — George, you horrid Goth, you'll muss my hair. Wait until we start home. Oh, there they come back again. Now do look inane and as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Swift — Then you forgive me?

Miss Swansdown — Forgive you? Great beast! of course I do.

Mr. Swift — And you love me again as much — more than ever?

Miss Swansdown — You silly boy. Of course I do.

The Orchestra — Boom Tra-la-la; Boom Tra-la-la! Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!

(Curtain.)

HARRY SAFFORD CANDEE.

Afternoon "Tea."

MR. Bernadin Stokes stood for a moment on the lower landing of the staircase.

He gazed through the portierres into the crowded drawing-rooms, where countless men and women swarmed, laughing and talking gayly. The babel of tongues raged and swelled like the surging sea.

"A fool! a fool you are, Stokes, to come back to this sort of thing again!" he murmured to himself, half laughing, as he proceeded to make his way slowly through the crowd and find his hostess.

His entrance was at once noticed. Fat dowagers fluttered, raised their glasses, smiled and bowed fawningly as he approached. Men surveyed him with interest. He became suddenly the center of interest, as unconsciously he moved down the room among familiar and unfamiliar faces.

Two young girls, talking animatedly with some students, unobservant that they blocked his way, were laughing heartily at an apparently good joke. Bernadin Stokes listened involuntarily for a moment, waiting for a chance to pass.

L. of C.

"Yes! I'll bet you six pounds of Maillard's candies I'm right!" a tall, deep-voiced blonde was declaring in tones of delicious assurance.

"But where did you find out?" asked one of her companions, shyly.

"Ah! never mind; I've *heard!*" she whispered mysteriously. "She was a poor, country schoolmarm — used to be called 'Lucindy' Marks; made her own gowns, you know; ate with her knife, perhaps, and all that sort of thing. Ugh! ——— Ah!" with the most wonderful change of tone in the world; "It is *you*, Mr. Stokes! Have you fallen from the sky? You've been *very* naughty lately, never going anywhere."

"I'm flattered, if anyone has missed me, I'm sure."

"Missed you? When the sun sets, you know, the earth is very dark," murmured the blonde, laughing heartily at her own wittiness. She was about to add something more, but he, bowing rather coldly, passed on through the crowd.

"Isn't he magnificent?" she whispered eagerly, looking around to see if her little attention had been noticed. "One of *the* Stokes', you know. Family dates back to Methuselah! Tall, haughty and with that unmistakable *air* about him, and frightfully clever. But about that odious little Miss Marks. I ——"

"Why, I believe this is really Mr. Bernadin Stokes," cried a slight, elderly woman, who, turning suddenly in front of him, walked backward as she talked.

"Mrs. Kirkbright?"

"Yes," smiling; "Mrs. Kirkbright. It's very nice to see you again, Mr. Stokes. Have you come back to us for good? Did you ever see such an enormous crowd? Have you been able to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Sturtevant Brown yet? Neither have I. Aren't you almost crushed alive? Isn't it perfectly awful — I mean the crowd? Do you know Miss Marks, for whom, they say, Mrs. Brown gives this? But of *course* you don't. Such funny stories regarding her. I never have seen her myself, but my daughter tells me there's nothing particularly attractive about her. Fancy, she pretends to be *nineteen!* Ah, Mr. Stokes, society's changing dreadfully fast. I'm afraid you won't know us at all, now you're back again. She comes from the country, I believe —— There's *such* a noise I can't say a single word!"

"It is very unfortunate."

"Yes — the noise — isn't it? I've so much I'd *like* to say, you know. Are you looking for anybody, Mr. Stokes?"

"No — that is — yes — I'm hoping to meet a friend whom I expected to see before this."

"The crowd, you know," despairingly; "you can't do a thing. I wish I might see this funny Miss Marks. Ah, here we are at last! How do you do, my dear Mrs. Sturtevant Brown? We have to thank you for a most charming tea."

"Mrs. Kirkbright!" murmured the hostess, smiling absently as she shook hands, taking all the little lady's remarks as a matter of course and not

listening to anything. Soon, however, she espied her companion and the absent smile turned to one of present pleasure.

"Mr. Stokes," she exclaimed warmly, as Mrs. Kirkbright passed on, "I am more than delighted to see you! You've been so very difficult to secure lately. You must be sure and come back to me in a few moments. I shall have a little leisure soon," the lady whispered, "and I want to have a talk with you."

"I will surely come," he answered gravely, and then moved on to make room for the people behind, whose progress he impeded.

Going through some curtains he found himself in a large, deliciously cool conservatory. Low music was coming from somewhere behind a hedge of palms and ferns. Pausing, relieved at having for a moment found quiet, he turned to examine a collection of orchids, and, as he did so, confronted a tall young lady who was looking at him with an air of amusement, through the glass which she held to her eye.

"Miss Robertson?" he said, a trifle surprised.

"Mr. Stokes?" she murmured, laughing and imitating his tone. Then she added, after a moment, "How deliciously calmly serene you look. Are you sorry that you have met me and all this heavenly revery must be broken by such a paltry thing as conversation? You need not talk, you know, unless you wish to."

"Are you enjoying all this?" he asked, soberly.

"Hugely," she murmured, slyly drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"You are the same as ever, I see," he observed, smiling hardly.

"Ah, no, Bernadin, I am not the same, I am a different being," she said, pensively, her studied cynicism disappearing.

"Three years make great changes. I have been —— wretched, Bernadin, all that time." In her up-turned eyes one could fancy there were tears.

He did not answer for a moment; he was picking an orchid to pieces which he held in his hand.

"What is the name of this flower?" he asked at last.

"Bernadin,——" she began softly.

"It is called the flower of inconstancy, I think," he said. "See, it changes color if you touch it. By the way," he continued, throwing it down, "Do you happen to know the Miss Marks for whom Mrs. Brown is said to give this thing?"

An impatient look spread over his companion's face, but in a moment it was gone. She laughed heartily, perhaps a little excitedly.

"What, that *fright?* Has anyone been telling you about *her?* Know her? No; I can hardly say I do. Ha! ha! ha! Only fancy your asking? Why, she's a complete barbarian — a perfect guy, I'm told. Red-haired, freckled little thing. Nobody knows anything about her. I'm very anxious to see her, but Mrs. Manners told me about two minutes ago that she hasn't come yet."

Again Bernadin Stokes did not answer. He seemed absorbed in thought. Etta Robertson was silent, too, a moment; the same plaintive expression stealing over her face.

"Bernadin," she said softly, after a moment, "Bernadin, forgive me. I never can forgive myself, if you ——"

"Why, it's Mr. Stokes, as sure as the world! How do you do, Mr. Stokes? I must *speak* to you," exclaimed a large lady who was passing by.

"I'm very glad to see you, Mrs. Trouville," cried the young man with perceptible relief.

"Here is my daughter, Edith, too," murmured the lady, blandly, contriving at the same time to bestow a very distant bow in Miss Robertson's direction.

"Edith! come here, dear. You know Mr. Stokes, do you not? We've been away so long, you know, Edith has forgotten everybody. We were all last winter in Bermuda, Mr. Stokes. It's the loveliest place in the world. I cried when I came away. But all good times have to come to an end and I had to get back to attend to Laura's wedding."

"Is your elder daughter to be married?" asked the man smiling.

"Oh, yes. Didn't you know it? To Captain Bellingham — the loveliest Englishman. There! I'm going to send you away, Mr. Stokes, to get me some salad or something. I'm as hungry as a bear. And come right back. We'll have a nice little gossip all to ourselves."

Bernadin Stokes disappeared through the curtains. When he came back Miss Robertson had gone.

"There is such a crowd around the tea table, I thought my turn would never come," he declared, amusedly.

"Have you ever seen Miss Marks?" whispered Mrs. Trouville, mysteriously, after they were all comfortably settled.

"Is she here?" Bernadin Stokes asked, suddenly.

"Probably —— by this time. It's nearly six and time to go; common decency must make her come soon. This patês is delicious, Mr. Stokes. You are not eating anything. What's the matter? I always eat when I'm out. I think people are glad to have you. They say the reason she stays away so long is that she's afraid — won't know how to behave, you know."

"Have you ever seen the young lady?" asked Stokes, a little gravely.

"No; but I've heard nothing else but 'Miss Marks' since I got back. I wonder if Hasse or Babenstein is catering. It *tastes* like Babenstein, I think, Edith. Society's changing very fast, I fear Mr. Stokes. To think of such a young person as Miss Marks, evidently an unmannerly, calculating thing, coming in amongst us, when there are so many really nice girls who ——"

Mrs. Trouville discreetly left the sentence unfinished, contenting herself with bestowing a fond

glance on her daughter and a beaming one on Mr. Stokes.

For some fifteen minutes the little group sat chatting. Then there was a general stir in the conservatory. It was after six o'clock and every one seemed suddenly to be leaving.

"We must say good-night, I suppose," declared Mrs. Trouville, regretfully. "But you must be sure and come and see us — I have Mondays, you know — I believe we shall have to leave without seeing her after all."

"Who do you mean by 'her,'" asked Stokes, smiling radiantly as they came back to the drawing-room and noise again.

"Why, 'the Marks,' of course. How provoking that we couldn't see her."

"If you look directly to the right of Mrs. Sturtevant-Brown, you will see her," the man at her side answered quietly.

"Mercy! Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Trouville in amazement, suddenly putting up her glass and gazing in the direction indicated, eager for what she should see.

She saw a beautiful young girl, whose delicately refined face lit up with a happy smile as she quietly talked with her hostess. She was small and slight, with quantities of rich golden brown hair, tucked up under a bewitchingly becoming bonnet. She was dressed in soft grays and carried a bouquet of pink tulips in her hand.

Bernadin Stokes had reached her side. His handsome face glowed with eagerness as he bent

over, and in a low voice murmured something in her ear. The answer, too, was quite inaudible, but the beautiful girl seemed very happy, raising her dazzling gray eyes to his and absently toying with her bouquet.

"Who is *that?* demanded Mrs. Trouville of Miss Robertson, who happened to be standing at her side.

"Don't you know Miss Marks?" asked Mrs. Sturtevant-Brown, coming forward before the other had a chance to speak. "Is she not lovely?" she continued admiringly, "She is engaged to be married, you know, to Mr. Bernadin Stokes."

Reuel Crompton Tuttle.

The Man Who Got Converted.

"I SUPPOSE escapes are impossible, except in novels?" said I.

"Do any of them ever reform in here?" chimed in the theological student at the same moment. "What do you think of converted convicts, anyway?"

We were sitting in the chief warden's cozy office; and feeling abominably sober, too, in spite of his excellent cigars. When one is taken over a great prison he must be prepared to come out a little dejected—it is the contagion of the air. One must not expect to see a minstrel show, and it is doubtful if he can detect the melodrama in it. The triumph of the law had seemed very incomplete and pitiful as we looked on that long line of men shuffling down the corridor in the lock-step. Many of the faces were villainous, all were gloomy. An indescribable listlessness about their movements suggested the absence of the soul, and they had eyes of agate. It was such thoughts as these that were responsible for our almost painful silence, as we sat there in the warden's office, busily smoking his cigars. But the inquiries of the theological student and myself, spoken suddenly and in concert, had broken the somewhat disagreeable charm. The theological student's

voice was louder than mine, and his questions were longer, so he may be said to have had the floor.

"What do you think of converted convicts, anyway?" he asked.

The warden stopped short in his perambulations across the room.

"What do you think of death-bed repentances?" he said.

"Why, I — I don't know!" the Theological student spoke a trifle awkwardly.

"Well!" The warden shrugged his shoulders a little. "I don't know what I think about prison conversions. They're both about the same thing, I guess — a sort of a high trump that men pull out of their sleeves, to cheat either the devil or the prison officials out of what belongs to 'em — See? But once in a while the game's honest," he added hastily.

The chief warden made a very striking figure as he stood there. He had been a general in the late war. When he said "Go!" to a person, there was a certain peculiar look in his eye that induced the individual to depart without saying a word. He was the man a woman might appeal to in a crowd.

"I can tell you about a fellow who got converted here," resumed the warden. "He was sent up for ten years; he was the meanest brute that ever put on stripes, and his eyes were like a snake's. The subtle influence of that man poisoned the whole prison. He broke out into the corridor with a shoe knife one night, and the

watchman shot at him before he dropped it. Every two or three weeks he'd have a fit in his cell, and curse till he was hoarse. Well! When that man got converted, we watched him pretty close. We have to. He came it over the chaplain in three months, but it was several years before he fully convinced *me* of his sincerity. You never saw such a change come over a person in your life. He was just as respectful and obedient—but the great change was in his eye; it lost the old hang-dog look and was as clear as a bell; and he held his head up like a man, too. You remember that great iron basin that was sunk into the wall in each cell, don't you?"

We both nodded.

"There is a little hole bored in the bottom of it," he went on, "and the acoustics are so arranged that the sounds in the cell go through. Well, every night, when the watchman squinted in, he found that man praying like a fiend—every single night, for two years."

"You didn't think he was shamming then, did you?" said the theological student.

"I knew it was a very old game," returned the warden, "and thought he might possibly be on the make. But I had to give way at last. The secret influence of that man's life actually began to convert his fellow convicts. One night one of the sick prisoners was dying in the hospital, and, instead of asking for the chaplain, he requested that the converted convict might come in. You could have knocked me down with a feather. I

said 'Yes,' and staid there in the room. Well, sirs! The simple, unaffected, manly way with which that convict spoke to the dying man made my eyes wet. There was no cant about him, either. He was the man for the hour."

"The world has more need for that man," said I, "than the prison has."

"That's just what I said myself," exclaimed the warden, "and I exerted all my influence in his behalf, and managed to secure him a full pardon."

"Well done!" I cried.

"That shows what honesty will do for a man," said the theological student.

"That isn't quite all of the story, though," resumed the warden. "The day I got the pardon for him he came into the office in a suit of citizen's clothes. He seemed all broken up. 'General,' said he, 'am I at liberty? Are you sure?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and you are my personal friend. If there is anything you want, name it. If you want money ——.'

"'Gentlemen,' interrupted the convict,—his voice quavered, but he stood up very straight—'there is only one thing I am going to ask. It is just this. That old Bible, which I learned to use in here, which has so many associations for me, and which has changed the whole character of my life — I want that Bible.'"

The theological student drew in his breath. The warden went on.

"I gave it to him. Very carefully he received it into his hands — you would have thought it was

a baby. Very reverently he raised it to his lips, and talked to it — his words seemed choking him: 'You have done for me more than I thought you would, you have helped me more than I hoped you could, you have made me what I am'— He looked up. The mask fell from his face. In a flash he was changed back into his old self again. His voice rose into a hoarse shriek — '*Now go to Hell!*' And slamming the book across the room, he burst it against the wall. He went out in one of his old fits of cursing. I shall never forget that face as he turned around at the door. It had snake's eyes again, and its leer was Satan's own."

The warden sat down, and reaching over the table picked a speckled cigar out of the box.

"By Jove, General," I cried, "how that man must have gloated over that *dénouement!* how he must have repeated it over to himself as he lay in his cell at night and fairly fed on it in his thoughts; when one little overt act of his would have destroyed the hypocrisy of years!" The warden remained silent.

"Well!" I said, with an unnatural laugh, "he took the trick! — and that's the great aim in life after all. He knew how to lay his cards down! — he played the knave."

"No," said the theological student, "he played the fool."

The warden bit the end off his cigar.

"That sort of thing may take an occasional trick," he said, "but it can't win a game. Six months later he turned up in Sing Sing."

Lucian Waterman Rogers.

Foot-Ball as it is Played.

THE sun had sunk low, and the last glowing athlete, striped like a wasp, had disappeared through the gate. Mr. Briggs, who had taken the contract to cut the "bloomin'" grass on the foot-ball field and had probably worked less than fifteen minutes the whole afternoon, was left behind with a little boy.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the ancient man, as he carefully lifted his scythe across his shoulder and followed the retreating footsteps, "Did you see the big feller with the muzzle, who laid upon the ground, all covered with blood and couldn't move? George! He must have been calling them fearful names to make them all set into him like that! And did you see them chase the little stout man all over the yard? He knocked three of them down and ran away, and there couldn't nobody stop him. He didn't have a bad face either! But I guess if they ever catch him they'll lay him up!"

"I don't find no fault with young men playing at kick the foot-ball," went on the sage, "and I always like to see young folks happy. But when young men who come here on purpose to play

kick the foot-ball, get into a low, coarse fight and knock one another down and don't play no foot-ball at all, they ain't gentlemen. They ain't gentlemen," said the old man violently, "I don't care who they be! And if I should go up there and tell some of them professors how they all pitched onto the big feller with the muzzle and smashed his face in, they'd be a heap of trouble for somebody round here! But I ain't no tale-bearer," said the venerable man, as he passed out of the ball field, "I just mind my own business and don't say nothing to nobody."

LUCIAN WATERMAN ROGERS.

The Fore-Wheel of Time.

"AND your daughter," said Lady Smalltowers, "She must be impressive."

"On the contrary. She is candor itself. She is such an incitement. But—" Mrs. Beeter hesitated and then went on briskly, "Unfortunately, she is of average height."

"That doesn't matter much when it's not all in one place," rejoined concisely Lady Smalltowers, who had the remains of great height.

"Ah, but Agatha is so hopelessly *juste milieu*. You are always on one side of her or behind her, or in front of her, wherever you place yourself."

"I do not quite understand you," said Lady Smalltowers, with more insistence than emphasis. "I have known girls to marry people."

"It is Agatha's orientation, you know. It brings her into strained relations and out again."

"Ah, I understand," said Lady Smalltowers, unaccentedly. She had a way of leaving off her accents which had the effect of the wrong side of a damask table-cloth, and suggested indefinably that she came from the Northeast. She did this with infinite tact, so that you felt intellectually at ease.

"Then, will you please explain it all," said Mrs.

Beeter. "I give you notice that I shall cling to you."

"My dear child, we understand one another. You are infinitely alloying. I will marry her." Lady Smalltowers, who was handsomer than ever when she laughed, did not laugh.

Mrs. Beeter looked puzzled. She had not expected Lady Smalltowers not to laugh. It seemed too summary.

"The poor child will have something," she murmured.

Lady Smalltowers' eyes approached one another one three-millionth of an inch. She glanced towards the window and said guardedly, "Do you mean money?"

"No, not exactly money."

"Ah, I see," said Lady Smalltowers, with a tonic accent on "Ah." No one could be better aware than she how much women knew who knew nothing.

"It's stocks and bonds and incomes," said Mrs. Beeter, breaking down. "She is fastidiously clever and doesn't care."

"That complicates matters," said Lady Smalltowers, tumultuously.

"But worse than that, she doesn't care that she doesn't care."

"That is much simpler."

"On the contrary, it seems to me more involved."

"My dear, do you not know that the more involved such things are, the simpler they are,'

said Lady Smalltowers with the air of meditating in silence.

"Yes, to a woman of your position, perhaps," said Mrs. Beeter, smiling with her basking candor.

"We will have her married and in the smart set."

Lady Smalltowers was superb in her utterance of finalities. Her words had the solemnity of a benediction, and Mrs. Beeter remained motionless, her head slightly bent forward. For a moment it seemed as if she would faint. But, though not belonging to the very best set, she was far too well-bred for that. After a pause she said resentfully, and with an air of balancing three probabilities, "Will there be a wedding?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Smalltowers with a frigidity which had the effect of not lowering the temperature. "And now we will dress for dinner."

Mrs. Beeter, too, arose. She was a trifle corpulent, and life took on a dismal introspection. She was less inclined to despondency than her friend, and Agatha's marriage seemed, in the light of that inclination, not altogether unattainable. Dressing for dinner caused her to forget the past and the future in the absorbing insistence of the diurnal As for Lady Smalltowers, dressing for dinner was to her what it should be, a solemn purification. When she was dressed she exhaled beatitude, and those privileged to be near her underwent the excitement of a mysterious exaltation. Not that she scintillated or glowed—only the unspeakable middle-class people do that. You could hardly

have offended her more, had you suggested that she perspired, something so unmistakably American that it is never alluded to. When you approached Lady Smalltowers when she was dressed for dinner, you felt the serene elevation which the neighborhood of perfection brings. Those not privileged to do so remained thin and empirical all their lives. Her taste was so unerring that she never mentioneed things, she made you think of them; and if you discovered that they were the wrong things, you experienced the mortification of knowing that you had fallen in her estimation.

On entering the room, she found her son, Lord Pythian, standing near the mantel. He was a man with some feminine aggravations, though conscientiously modern, and considered patriotism a fifth-rate impertinence, proper enough for foreigners, who invented many hideous things. Agatha and her mother soon followed, for even Agatha's independence had not reached the point of making her late for an important function. Lord Pythian took Mrs. Beeter out, and Agatha followed with Lady Smalltowers. To go into dinner with Lady Smalltowers was an event, and it was Agatha's misfortune to be unaware that something was taking place. In her youthful ineptitude she regarded it as an occurrence, whereas it was a culmination. She sat between Lord Pythian and his mother with a very imperfect sense of propinquity, and originated remarks on ordinary matters. Lady Smalltowers trembled lest she should say something with a definite meaning, but recov-

ered when she remembered that nobody would understand her.

The conversation turned on Lord Beaufort's escapade. They agreed that he was ill-balanced. He had departed to America before he visited the south of France.

Lord Pythian said Beaufort always impressed him as having no center. He spoke slowly, but with a bland and unconscious rectification. You gathered that Lord Beaufort's conduct was painful to him.

"Why do you pronounce the name to rhyme with duffer?" asked Agatha, with an effusive smile — one that wouldn't do in England.

She was conscious of her misstep at once. A negation of the intellectual frontier had occurred, and Lady Smalltowers replied with a vague alarm.

"My dear, people do not give reasons for things. Things simply are."

Lord Pythian had paled distinctly. Spelling was not a subject people of his class talked about. He felt as he might have, had he been accused of acting from a motive. There was something degradingly commercial about motives and reasons. Mrs. Beeter was silent, but there are many ways of being silent. Lord Pythian had an atmosphere and diffused silence through it. Poor Mrs. Beeter had no atmosphere.

After dinner, Lord Pythian told his mother that he should sleep in the haunted chamber. There was no story about this chamber, and nothing whatever had ever happened in it. Still, it

was distinctly haunted by something unknown and nameless. It was exactly like other rooms which are not haunted, and this was the mysterious thing about it. Lord Pythian came of a long line of soldiers, and his mother knew from the intensely living expression of his eye that he had determined to brave the terrors of the haunted room. But she made no effort to dissuade him from the formidable ordeal. Perhaps a mother of the middle class might have remonstrated in view of what might not happen. But Lady Smalltowers was not of the middle class.

That night there was the vague electric tension in the air which precedes a catastrophe. Lady Smalltowers and Mrs. Beeter sat solitary in their rooms. If either slept no one but the sleeper was aware of their dreams. The servants slept, all but the housekeeper and butler, whose loyalty to the family was like the feeling of dumb animals. At nine next morning Lady Smalltowers and the housekeeper walked past the door of the haunted chamber. Lady Smalltowers looked tall in the morning light. She wore, of course, no jewels, but her morning dress was perfect in all its appointments. In her hand she clutched a miniature of her son. She thought she might not recognize him. Her bearing was inexpressibly dignified, but touched with aristocratic tedium. She passed the door of the haunted chamber and went into her morning room. She was too thoroughbred to evince curiosity even if she felt it. Then she said to the housekeeper, "Call Lord Pythian."

Her agitation may be conjectured from the appalling fact that she gave the order to the housekeeper and not to the footman. Probably the housekeeper called him. At all events, Mrs. Beeter and Agatha always appeared to think so.

CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON.

This Thankless World.

THERE is nothing in this world so common, so readily given away and consequently so cheap, as good advice. We have already safely stowed away in the rubbish heap of our minds enormous consignments of this commodity, which would essay to teach us the most proper way of running a college paper. If we could only, conjurer-like, "borrow some gentleman's silk hat from the crowd," put in a little of the above advice, carefully covered over with a handkerchief, and take out a bright, racy "article" on the times; or if the same superior mind which evolved all this criticism and journalistic information would only take up his inspired pen and write a sample article for the paper—instead of taking up stones to cast at it—the TABLET would doubtless be a shining star in the firmament of college journalism. If, on the other hand, we could only *sell*, at the merest nominal figure, the smallest part of this wholesale commodity, we would be ordering an eighty-thousand-dollar steam yacht to-day, and keep a box of fifty-cent cigars in our office drawer, wrapped up in gilt paper.

Now, of course, both as individuals and collect-

ively, we are painfully conscious that we don't know anything at all about running a college paper; that an ordinarily intelligent goat can run it better than we do, and that any man in college can write infinitely better articles than we can,—even the most despised freshman. But why don't they? The question dies unanswered in the circumambient air. Truly, it is pitiful to see such magnificent material go to waste.

. . . . . .

A few days ago two men ascended the chapel stairs. They represented two distinct and separate orders of society — the criticiser and the criticised. The one was a Pharisee and the other an editor.

The Pharisee was scrupulously dressed in the height of fashion, in apparel glorious to behold. The editor wore reseated trousers, with a long frock coat to cover the missing integrity. But who could penetrate the mystery which an extra long coat-tail hides? These much-abused and embarrassing garments also were in that romantic condition which is known in the vulgar vernacular as "High Tide," making such close connections with the tops of his boots that they were just too late to catch them.

The well-kept locks of the Pharisee, again, were perfumed and curled; and while each separate ringlet was distinctly articulate, all, taken as a whole, made an effect not unlike a sonnet read aloud. The editor's hair, however, was all stern and wild, hanging in long sheaves adown his neck,

—partly because it gives a man a halo of literary renown to have his hair all stern and wild, hanging in long sheaves adown his neck, and partly, also, because the pecuniary emolument attached to the position of editor was not sufficient to buy him a twenty-five cent hair cut.

"Why don't you give your paper a little individuality?" demanded the Pharisee; "a little dash of the original, once in a while? Why, it's just like a whitewashed fence! For Heaven's sake, man, put something or other in it, if it's only a circus poster or a ballet girl!"

We did so. Sacrificing ambition and popular applause for the greatest good of our fellowmen, we pictured—in a style modeled from the Pharisee's suggestion, with a dash of fantastical *abandon*,—a few glaring evils of social life, with comments on the public morals. The next day the paper had acquired the reputation abroad of being a 'scurrilous sheet.'

Oh, thankless world!

"Why do you make everything so solemn and lugubrious?" said the Pharisee again. "Do you publish your paper in the morgue? Put a little life into it occasionally,—*anything* that will provoke a smile! Get a 'funny man,' if necessary, on the board."

We did so. At enormous expense and inconvenience, we procured the services of a professional wit of recognized reputation. We straightaway set before the expectant public a racy newspaper article fairly overflowing with subtle humor, yet

harmless withal, and thoroughly fitting for a Christian young man to read,— eminently fitting to beguile the leisure hours of a hard-working college student, in mirthful innocence.

The next morning the Pharisees began to congregate.

"Have you noticed the pathetic struggles which that paper is making in its efforts to be funny?" says one.

"Yes," says the second Pharisee, lighting a cigar, "If I were in the habit of writing things like that, I'd hire a professional assassin to call me in!"

Thus it is all the year through. The chill breath of criticism alone rewards our toil, and gratitude is the weakest emotion of the human mind. Oh thankless world! Before what class of animals do we cast our pearls!

DUNRAVEN.

A Stroll About the College.

YES, of course you feel anxious to get out into the world and begin your life work. That's perfectly natural. I think every senior ought to feel that way; but don't pretend that you're not sorry to leave Trinity College, for you know perfectly well that you don't mean it. You stay here four years, you spend whole days in storming against some innovation in the curriculum which you dimly imagine has been brought about by a tyrannical faculty for your special inconvenience; you tirade against some abandonment of custom, some violation of a long-cherished tradition; you are profoundly sure that Trinity College is hurrying rapidly down hill every day, that this isn't the place it used to be, and that you, for one, will be glad to leave the sinking ship; but when the time comes to go, when you hear for the last time, perhaps, your classmates on the campus singing "'Neath the Elms," when you go up to Chapel in lazy week and find that upstart Junior established in that comfortable corner that you have filled so long, it would be funny, if it wasn't pathetic, to notice how petty your grievances become and what a desirable place Trinity College has grown to be. And when you have finally dis-

posed of your furniture and take your dress-suit case to follow the hackman down the walk, you all at once become conscious that you are going to miss in future some of these familiar scenes which you have never thought particularly charming until now. You realize for the first time that there are graven on your mind memories that the lapse of many years cannot wholly efface. Oh, it just breaks *my* heart to *think* of leaving this place.

Do you remember when you first came to college how you wondered which was Jarvis and which Northam, and if you ever would learn which was the entrance to the President's office. Those carved heads over the door don't seem to frown to-day quite so grimly as they did that Wednesday morning when your petition was refused and you left college for a visit among friends.

"Oh, Robert, O-oh, Robert!" There, the mail has come. See them crowd around the box. Perhaps you'll hear from that Teachers' Agency to-day. How many times you've rushed down stairs, expecting a letter from *her*, only to be confronted with a bill, a circular, or "Nothing, Mr. J——." Remember how in Freshman year you dropped a letter for her into the "official" box, and how a week after the Secretary of the Faculty found it? Come to think of it, that was probably one reason she never wrote to you again. That was about the time you began to smoke, too, wasn't it?

And there's the bulletin board. No need to read the notices. You're an alumnus now. Re-

member how many times you've eagerly scanned it to see if you could spy the welcome information that "Prof. G—— will not be able to meet his classes to-day." It really don't seem to make so much difference now, does it? If you had spent some of your leisure time in study, your name would have been higher up on that Senior standing list. "Mr. M——-, representing D. Toy, will be in 53 J. H. to-day to solicit orders." Did you ever pay that bill? No, that's a meeting of the new *Tablet* Board, and doesn't concern you. The Phi Beta Kappa meeting doesn't concern you much either, does it?

Let's stroll across the Campus and sit down under the old Bishop's outstretched hand.—Got a cigarette? Thanks.—He looks rather grim up there,—doesn't he?—the brazen figure against the sky; and yet he always seemed to me to unbend a little, and a faint smile seems to lurk around that resolute mouth when the waiter comes out with the lemonade. If he could speak how many secrets he could tell. Many lasting friendships have been formed here where we sit, beneath the Bishop's benediction. Do you remember the last talk we had here with poor B——? Why should we call him "poor"? He's better off than he was here, I'm sure, dear old chap.

There, they're singing "We gather round the Chapel steps," now. See them gather. How irksome going to Chapel used to be! See Robert holding out his watch. "Time," and they go jostling up the stairs. A few tardy Sophomores

rush around the corner, and the door is closed. How solemn the service seemed yesterday, didn't it? I never realized before how much the prayer for the college means.

There's Mr. Adams over there leisurely beating that old rug of yours. He leisurely cared for your room and blacked your boots for a good while. He did your father's, too. Quite an old landmark is Mr. Adams. He knows the transient nature of a college course. See, he stops; he directs that young Freshman to Jarvis with just that gesture with which he greeted us when we first saw him. Were Adams acquainted with Tennyson, don't you know, you might imagine him, as he rhythmically beats away, murmuring,

> "Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

How quiet it is just now! There's not a soul upon the walk except Mr. Michael Doyle, and we can hear him plainly. "Bunker-hills, gintlemin, bunker-hills, popcorn. Buy me out, gintlemin, buy me out," and he twirls his stick and shuffles down the walk. Old "Apples" is a great boy; he'll vend his apples and popcorn till cold weather comes and then he'll seek seclusion — at the city's expense. There they come from chapel; Apples hears them and begins anew, "Hello, gintlemin, hello! Buy me out, popcorn, bunker-hills, buy me out." "Sing, Apples, sing."—

> "O-oh, my name is Dan McCann,
> I come from Paddy's land,
> I am a true-born Irishman."

"Gintlemin of Trinity College, I wish ye all a happy New Year an' a happy Fourth o' July.—Popcorn, gintlemin, popcorn.—A good vacation an' may ye all come back to Trinity 'Colleges.'—Buy me out gintlemin, buy me out." I wish we *were* all coming back to Trinity "Colleges".

The western hills loom up against the gorgeous splendor of the setting sun; and now we sit in shadow while the fleecy cloud-piles of the east, far above us, are bathed in light. Now the more quiet tints of twilight steal on, and the roseate west grows old and gray, soon to be wrapped in a shroud of darkness. Will any sunsets ever seem so bright as these? Do you recollect that charming Junior that took you out on the cliff by the stone-crusher that first afternoon, and descanted on the beauty of that western view? Wasn't he just the nicest fellow you ever saw? He impressed me just the same. What excellent advice he gave about your room! How grateful you felt for that little help with "De Senectute"!

Did you ever stop upon the walk late at night and look up at the towers and turrets that seem to project straight up into the sky? When the moon is flooding all things with dim, mysterious light, all is still, and only here and there a light burns dimly in some college window. The long windows of the gymnasium—unless it be the night of a German—reflect the ghostly moonbeams.—Come to think of it, you were a little fast in Junior year; perhaps you've seen several moons beaming down upon you when returning late to college.—Every

stone in that old building is dear to us. However pleasant our surroundings in after life, we never can enjoy them more than we have our comfortable quarters up in Jarvis.

It is the privilege of old warriors to fight their battles over in memory, and I am sure we both feel aged to-day. And our college life has consisted largely of struggles — hasn't it? — and struggles of many kinds. In some we've triumphed, and some, alas, have worsted us. Remember those old cane-rushes they used to have when we were underclassmen? Oh, they were rushes worthy of the name! What a shame we thought it when the Faculty abolished them! That first St. Patrick's Day! I can feel now the quiver of excitement, the tightening of muscles; I can hear the labored breathing as we formed just outside that first row of elms — the cane in our midst, tightly grasped by our sturdiest classmates. — How many nice fellows we have lost since then! — At last the word "go," and we rush madly toward that coveted goal, the door of middle Jarvis. The determined Sophomores hurl themselves at our feet to stop our on-rush, and as we are borne back I remember noticing, even then, that the soft turf had been literally plowed by the many feet. And then we surge to and fro, jostled and crushed against the buttresses, squeezed and pounded, now down upon the gratings or the walk, trampled upon, bruised, yet all unmindful, striving for glory and that cane. Time and again we seem on the point of victory; the supreme moment comes at last; a

quick, determined rush where our enemy is momentarily weak, the cane is carried in, and we have triumphed. I forgot — you *were* on the other side; well, it *was* a good fight; it makes my blood tingle even now. If you and I fight as hard as that out in the world, we'll both succeed, won't we? — Must you go? Well, old man, give me your hand — confound this cold, I'm always blubbering — good-bye, good luck. Come back next year and see me graduate. You'll write. Good-bye, good-bye.

Robert Peck Bates.

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